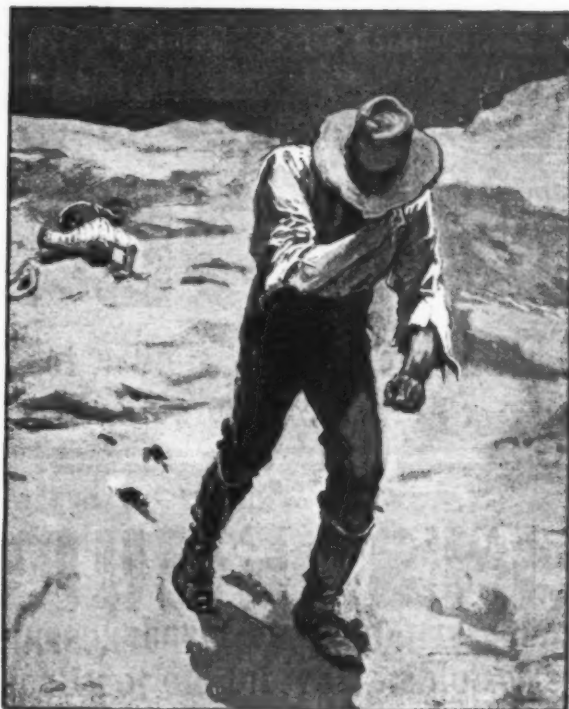


MARCH 1897.

NEW SERIES. PART V.

# THE LEISURE HOUR



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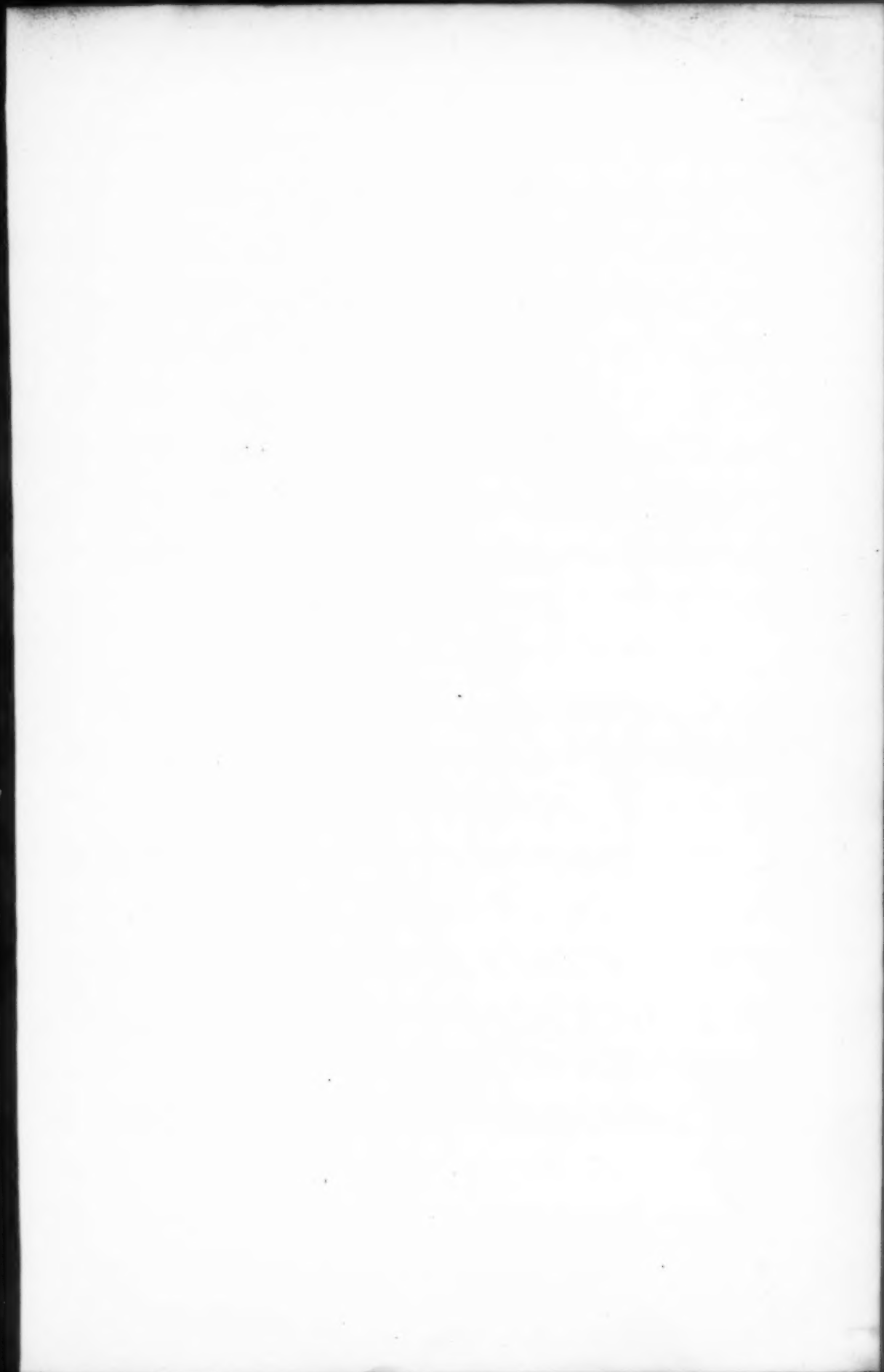


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# WOOING.

*From the Picture by Kunnenberg.*

## THE TWILIGHT REEF.

BY H. C. MAC ILVAINE.



HOW AND WHERE I LEFT HIM TO DIE I CAN ONLY GUESS.

### I.

I LEAVE the story undated, sooner than run the risk of disturbing the repose of official records and letting slip the toothless dogs of newspaper war upon a suffering public. It concerns the first gold discovery in a certain district of Australia, now famous for its mines. On such a matter, one now of so little moment, the lurking busybody would certainly be upon me with figures and fancies more potent than mine to demonstrate the wild absurdity of my tale. Leaving him dateless, however, and uncharted as to precise locality, I trust that I have put myself beyond his reach by making his reference to the harmful, necessary newspaper-file inoperative.

On one fateful, glorious night, Dawes became peculiarly and persuasively wild. The Pro-

fessor had been demonstrating, with trains of sugar on the table-cloth to mark the trend of the exploited area, that Australia had yielded up all its gold except from the already known lines of reef: the good old days of surface digging, and of dazzling uncertainty, were gone for ever, he said.

"It's nonsense," Dawes shouted conclusively, long after midnight. "It's the hideboundedest, dunderheadedest cackle, this dogmatising about where there is and where there ain't gold, on or under this flaming continent—except where it's in sight."

"But look here, Phil," I hazarded mildly, but deliberately adding fuel to his fires, "old Von der Thingumy—ought to know."

"Ought to *know*—it's just the setting up to *know* that brands him as a humbug. If these gas-bag theorists had had their way, Australia would still be the rag-bag and rubbish-heap of

Great Britain, with never the mark of man in the soil of her deeper than the depth of a potato shovel. Hear them and their stupid flummery. First of all they proved that Sydney was only fit for a convict-station, being bounded on the West by unscaleable mountains, beyond which was a howling desert of sand and stones. Then three plain unintellectual men went up and looked over and, behold! there lay oceans of the finest pasture in the round world. And then there were the theorists and wool. These cabbage-heads mapped it out that you might as well try to grow fleece on a soup-plate as on a sheep anywhere north of the Murray: and now this thirty years we've been sending the finest Merino wool in the world, not only from north of the Murray river, but from hundreds of miles beyond the Tropic of Capricorn. Yah! And now—gold. No doubt your faddists had demonstrated that by the rule of thumb it was a frantic geological impossibility that gold and kangaroos should lie down together—no doubt. I haven't heard they did, but I'll lay odds about it. Then the plain men, again, with hands to their heads, and no education to interfere with their intelligence, found and tracked it from Bendigo in the South to the Palmer away to the Tropics, right along the Eastern slopes. And now—now that no big field has been located for ten years or so, all the Herr von Turnip-Tops came along and made it as clear as the multiplication table that—"Ze Co-o-old Pelt, ze Auriverous Vormäzhun has now himself to his vullest distent exglosed. Id iss not only oonlikebar, pot unpozzible zat two such Pelts gan upon ze tsame Gontinent zusammen exist. Zis ve know from ze cheeological strativormäzhun of ozzer co-old-pearing gontries where ze mineral has to his last ounz egstracted been? Oh, figs!"

If Dawes' statistics and topography showed scarcely the precision of a Blue Book or an Ordnance map, his sketch was based on fact: and beyond doubt his oratory was stimulating.

"Look here!" he went on, drawing a strange figure in the sand with his whip-handle.

"A ham," I said, "and out of drawing at that."

"Shut up! that's Australia!" "That"—indicating the shank end—"is Cape York. Now;" with a fine pointed chip he drew a tiny jagged line from below the peak, down the right-hand side to the bottom; "that's old Mutton-Head's Gold Belt. There!"—and he swept a hand royally over South and West Australia, "and these champion idiots say there's no more gold in all that! You might as well plough a single furrow down one side of a forty-acre paddock, and tell me that it was absurd to think about getting any farther because there was a fence at each end." He planted a spurred boot in the middle of his map and looked triumphantly at me. "Dick: it's there. Will you chuck in your last shilling with me and come and find some of it or perish?"

"I will," I whispered, and my head swam as we wrung one another's hands ferociously.

Of course, sweeping and positive asseveration of this order was not to be expected from one in whom was any close acquaintance with the subject in hand.

It is easy now to read those times by the colourless light of experience. Von der Linde was a groundling and a pedant, and Dawes was a visionary; we had sketched a future for ourselves of effort and award that would have staggered an Alexander; we had signed and sealed the deed of gift that made over our souls to the custody of the blind god that keeps the treasure-house of the world.

## II.

TWELVE months later, we two ragged and worn prospectors sat in the light of a camp fire. We had piled up the logs after the tea-making was done, not for warmth, for our necks were streaming in the windless night heat, and we sat far back from the blaze; not for safety, for there were no wild beasts to fear: but by tacit agreement we made these nightly illuminations as a last available protest against ill-fortune. The roar of the blaze and the whisper of the leaves overhead that stirred in the draught of the flame, the tree-trunks in the woods showing and hiding in the leaping light, the saddles and camp fixings lying as if on a warm hearth: these things, if they no longer sang of a hopeful to-morrow, were still better than a hot, unlighted camp, open to silence and the stars, and an unfenced playground for the demons of loneliness.

We had long since used up all our raw material for sprightliness and enthusiasm, and cared no longer to indulge in the inexperienced canvassing of untried schemes; and nightly we were hard and harder put to it to keep our good-fellowship unflawed by the senseless bickerings that lead lonely men on from irritation to murderous hate of one another. As day after day passed hopelessly, after we had eaten our hard, hot, indigestible supper, the choice of filling in the pipe-smoking interval before sleep lay between silence and surliness. I remember it now to our honour that, with negligible exceptions, up to this particular evening that was to give us lasting distraction, we had chosen the silence.

We were near a sordid breach of the peace, though, when the blind god called on our names; and to the memory of Dawes it must be set down that it was he who smoothed the stagnant waters I would have troubled.

We sat against a great tree-bole, and after exchanging notes of another blank working-day, we had fallen silent, and my temper had warmed from sullen to white heat in the stillness, first at the way Dawes threw down his quart-pot after finishing his tea, spilling the leaves in a peculiarly filthy and heart-rending way, I thought; and next at his manner of breaking little twigs into short lengths and shooting them in the fashion of marble-playing at the fire, which was burning low, so that the un-



fathomable darkness was creeping close and closer round the camp as the red light died away from the farther tree trunks.

"Stop that fidgeting, Dawes," some evil thing said for me, "or else go to bed;" and I cowered within myself.

He sat perfectly still for many agonising seconds; then I felt a hand on my shoulder, quietly rocking me against the tree.

"Dawes?" he said very gently—"Dawes? It'll be *Mister* Dawes soon, eh? No more Phil—what? or only Fidgety Phil?"

I bit back a dry sob, and dreaded lest he should have noticed it: "I'm a pig, Phil, but that last damper of yours is heavy on my soul."

"It shall have rolls and coffee in the morning," he said thinly, with a dreary effort at mirthfulness—"a bath and sweet soap to cleanse; later," he added wildly, "turbot and lobster, iced champagne, mealy potatoes, coffee and cognac, a clean shirt—"

"Stop, for pity's sake stop," I wailed—in the wilderness to think even of a "shilling ordinary" is torture—"or I'll rise out of those sweaty blankets this night, howling mad."

We sat silent while the blaze died into a glow; but the little war-cloud was scattered.

"It's a year, Dick," Dawes said presently.

"Yes," I said, "and we're near broke, and haven't seen more than the colour of gold."

"No, not another glint. And now that we've spent our last, all but, to learn the prospecting trade from stray diggers, we find our striking originality in starting to look for a gold area in the western-half of this hungry continent was anticipated by Californian forty-miners about the time we were little boys."

"Was Von der Linde right after all? The beast, if we had him here now."

"Ah, we'd lash him to this gum-tree, and set all those—ahem, those banquets we never mention, in a ring round about him just beyond his sausagey fingers while we toyed among them."

"And read him half-hour selections from his *Work on Cold Pelts*."

"Ay! hang the schools!" he began in his large, irrelevant manner. "They flog and jail and crucify the pioneers of their own time, and grow fat glorifying the men their forefathers hunted. Columbus and Galileo—man, what's that?"

The sound of a voice came down from the craggy ridge behind us; it grew as we listened; the bells on our horses that had been chiming irregularly clanged out and stopped, leaving the voice on the hill as if alone in a silent world. In whispers we planned. I pushed the logs together softly to re-start the blaze; Dawes got out the revolvers, and we both fell back twenty yards and ambushed behind two trees six feet apart. As we lay hidden, listening, I had to smother a horrified laugh at the weird but true account I gave myself of the sound coming towards us: it was as if the first line of the evening hymn, formless and wordless, was

being not sung, but howled in the throat of a beast. I was disputing with this wild conviction when Dawes sent a whisper to me: "Listen! 'Abide with me'; but what is the Thing that is singing?"

Whatever it was, the Thing was coming straight for our fire. In a little while, something that had been a man walked into the lighted ring and came plodding waveringly like a wounded animal for the light, keeping up the horrible chant. He did not slacken speed, but with his eyes fixed on the glowing logs and the tongues of flame, he staggered to the light as a singing moth struggles to a lamp.

I stood helpless as a stone, but Dawes roared "Halt!" For one instant the figure paused within its own length of the fire; the head went up as if struck on the forehead, and the singing stopped. Then it swayed forward, and while my limbs were as lead, my eye had measured the spot where the head would fall in the heart of the fire. But Dawes ran out and caught the tottering creature; as he pulled it away his own boot was among hot ashes.

I spread a blanket, and Dawes laid out upon it what one might call—now that the tongue was still and the eyes closed—a fellow creature.

He was naked but for a shirt, and that was shredded to ribbons and blood-stained from scratches, made as though with human fingernails, on the body; the feet were bruised and gashed, and caked with dried blood; even the thin grey hair and beard seemed as though a part of them had been torn out by the roots; and there were marks, like the marks of blows, upon the face. The lips and tongue were like sun-baked leather; we knew when we saw them how it was that the words to the hymn had been shapeless.

"Get our reserve nip of brandy, Dick," said Dawes, with his hand on the man's heart. "He's alive."

While Dawes tried to soften the cracked lips and immovable tongue, I warmed a bucket of water, and wrapped a soaked blanket round the wasted body. In half an hour there was a faint swallowing movement in the throat, and the eyes unclosed heavily and closed again immediately. In an hour he had swallowed our brandy, and lay while the elemental fight for life went on within him.

We sat apart from him and talked of him over our pipes.

"What is it?" I said. "Blacks?"

"No," said Dawes grimly; "he's one of us, I think. It's thirst."

"But he's been hammered and clawed as if twenty wild women had been at him?"

"Don't you remember the stories of death by thirst? That's the award 'for valour' of the pioneer. I believe the agony works out beautifully in detail. First, there's the horror of getting lost; then the agony of thirst; his horse drops under him, and he drinks the blood; then the 'wild mercy of madness' when he tears off his clothes and tries to tear off his flesh as well. At that stage gentle Nature



persuades him that water's fire, in case he comes across it, and apparently sometimes that by consequence fire is water also—though I never heard of that—for assuredly this man was walking rejoicingly into ours as into a babbling brook when I caught him. I wonder—shall we bury him at sunrise and dig the grave for another man gone down that Australia may rise?"

It must have been past midnight when, after consultation, we resolved to replace the warm, wet blanket by a dry one, and to try to rouse our patient to swallow some of a sorry-looking pulp we had pounded from our hard, salt beef, as the nearest approach possible to invalid fare. I was stirring dismally at the mess, and wondering if such stuff were not more likely to bring death than life to a man so sick as ours, when I heard a cry from Dawes, who started up from where he had been stooping over the traveller and ran to the fire, where he began knocking the embers together and throwing on fresh wood. When the blaze started he bent to examine something in his hand.

"Look here, Dick!" he called huskily, and I ran over.

Three little white lumps lay in his palm—three lumps of white quartz—and they were veined and knuckled with gold.

"Where did you get them?" I whispered.

"In an old leather belt that neither of us noticed—buckled round his waist," he said, breathing heavily like a man who is winded with running, and jerking his head towards the figure beneath the blanket.

While one might count a hundred, we glared at the gold, or at one another. Then we looked by one consent towards the senseless shape.

"If he lives?" said Dawes.

"He keeps his secret."

"If he dies?"

"He takes it with him. What's our chance of finding the place—without a clue—out there?" and I swept an arm out towards the waterless country whence the traveller had come.

"Without a clue!" Dawes crept to the man, unfastened the belt, and brought it to the fire.

There were a few yellow and white crumbs, more gold than stone, three letters in a woman's hand, bearing a Devonshire address, and soiled and falling to pieces from much re-folding, but no scrap else.

"We're uncharted, Dick. There's not a line or a word to show us where he struck it. There's his tracks, but if we were the men to follow them in this hard country—which we're not—to track him through the mazes he's walked in his madness, would send us down the road he's gone."

"We knelt with the specimens between us, and as I caught the dull, rich sparkle of the red firelight on the gold, I lived a moment bitterer, I think, than death.

"Come," said Dawes at last; "come, are

we Britons, or what are we, anyhow? Here's specimens, fit for Golconda, come from somewhere within a day's ride, in all likelihood. And do you tell me we can't find the place, even if this poor chap—God forgive us!" he turned towards the silent bringer of the gold; "the wolf don't lie deep in any of us men. Look at us, how we join the forty thieves at the very sight of gold—gold that isn't ours—and count the rightful owner no more than a cribbage-peg in the game. And look at these poor rags"—he put the letters tenderly back in the belt—"and women must weep. Dick!—Dick! Shake hands upon it; let's play the game like white men." And we shook hands as we did on the night when Dawes drew the map of Australia and we set forth to confound Von der Linde.

It was heady talk, but the sight was heady to broken and famished men.

We turned to the sick man. He was breathing deeper, and when we raised his head and put our clumsy attempt at dainty food to his lips, once or twice he opened his heavy eyes and looked past us with unspeakable weariness; but he could or would make no attempt to swallow. We tried him with sweetened gruel, but again the senseless, hopeless look appalled us; and he stared in the same way when we contrived a weakly effervescing drink with baking powder, sugar, and water. Our crude resources exhausted, we sat by him and dozed in turn till the grey dawn was spreading in the east.

I was shivering wretchedly in the dawn-wind, and cold, sick, and slack to the heart, staring into the ashes, yet less than half waking, and wearily busy in following a pale travesty of the night's doings, when some one gave the bushman's waking word, "Daylight!" very softly by my ear.

I stared, broad awake, round the grey camp, so utterly inhospitable in the cold and creeping light. The whisper of the waking wind from the east filled the air; our horse-bells were silent after tapping further and more faintly through the night. Dawes had given in to sleep, and was curled on the bare earth, his head upon a saddle; the traveller lay as I had last seen him, like death. I put my ear to his lips. The breath came faintly but rhythmically.

"Daylight!" sounded again as I listened—it was his voice, and my heart leapt against my ribs.

"Awake, mate?" I said softly. His eyes unclosed; this time I knew they saw me, but I knew also that he would not see the sun rise. A movement passed over him, lighter than a breath. He was trying to rise, but weakness possessed him, so that he could not stir a finger.

"What's—come over me?"

"Been bushed, you know," I told him. "But weak, that's all. Day's rest'll set you up."

"I remember. I'm—done."

He lay still. I dared not stir. Wild hopes

HE CAME FLODDING WEARILY LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL INTO THE LIGHT.



and fears were drumming in my head, drowning the voice of my compassion—I confess it. Dawes slept on.

The eyes opened again.

"Where are we?"

"Rocky Hole, head of Slate Creek, thirty miles from Cripps' homestead."

"Stoop low. I—struck it. Should be ten to—twenty miles—nor'-east. Then — Lost. My—God! You—look. I'm—done!"

Exaltation and shamefaced compassion overcame me. "Take heart," I told him. "You must eat now. I'll bring you —"

"No. I'm—done. Stoop lower. Low hill. One straight tree—on top. Reef—foot. Near to —" Some unshapen word was on his tongue, but the breath failed to carry it to me.

"Near to?" I said at his ear, but he lay still again. The horse-bells were tapping now, the grey light was broadening; a blue thread of smoke was curling from the back-log. Dawes opened his eyes; I signalled frantically to him, and he crept over. The dying man was muttering again, and I stooped.

"Share—with—her. Letters —" I heard.

"Share with the woman that wrote the letters in your belt?"

"Ay!"

"We will, whenever or wherever we strike it."

"Right!" and then followed mutterings I could not catch. But I heard "Tell her," and "comfortable," and guessed at a message.

I heard him sigh, or draw a deeper breath shortly, and when the first piping of the birds came I thought I saw the ghost of a smile on his face. I looked up when a magpie overhead called to the sun, and saw that the tree-tops were golden. When I looked down Dawes was covering the digger's face.

We spoke little as we went about the work of grave-digging and burial, and we spent the day in overhauling saddlery and counting up the remnant of our resources.

We were mainly silent, too, at night, or occupied in a workmanlike way with shaping plans for stretching our capacity to its utmost to find the reef. But the revelation of that day and the dazzling possibilities of the few next to come were so tremendous—the heights and depths of our anticipations were so extreme—that now and again the torture of surmise would send us sketching out the future with the comprehensiveness of the old days, and with the liberality of a scene-painter who needs the sky for canvas. Late, and last of all, with the horses near for an early start, we made a final blaze and sat, each with a gold-studded lump in his hand, turning them to the light. Empty of words to fit the occasion, we had fallen back on the suggestive bluntness of the Briton when the time is near that is to try his texture.

"Where are the letters?" I asked.

"In the belt, of course, and that's in the pack."

"If we find anything we'll build her a —"

"Slab hut. Let's turn in"; Dawes gaped elaborately.

"Dawes, it's a risky sort of trip; if anything should happen?"

"We'll hope to die game and join him"; he jerked his thumb towards an oblong of newly stirred earth on the ridge above us.

"Yes. And we've been —"

"Just able to tolerate one another," Dawes said from his blankets; "go to sleep."

Later, I was staring wide-awake at a planet as it slid westward, when Dawes called softly, "Dick!" and I answered with a muffled "What?"

"I think it's possible there's worse mates in the world than you."

I grunted sleepily, and the planet made a watery lurch in the firmament.

### III.

WE were camped by a rocky pool of fetid water that enjoyed the distinction of having no dead cattle in it, for the reason that it was unapproachable by four-footed beasts. For months we had worked our empty way eastward from the coast, prospecting as we went, and, as we touched at the stations, we had found each one hungrier and more inhospitable than the last. I would not be held to be casting a reproach at Australian hospitality, which is more than princely, and, to my thinking, puts even a Highland welcome in the shade, taking it in the large. But the man who has travelled through new country knows that, as surely as the ocean is blue beneath a fair sky, so surely will the settler reflect the native meanness or fatness of the land whereon he seeks to live. Or so it was in the days of which I speak: the richer the land, the fuller measure we received, when we went for rations to the station store-keepers; but as we worked east and north-easterly, and the land grew poorer and the grass less nourishing, so the men upon the land grew sourer and surlier and their herds more lanky and dejected. The battle with the pests and rigours of earth and climate—which are called the gifts of Providence in older countries—grew more bitter, the war of subsistence keener. In this patriarchal contention for a livelihood, the traveller was estimated as fair game, so that we had fared worse and worse as we drew out among the poorer lands and the harder-driven squatters.

Now we were on the fringe of settlement. Eastward, whence the nameless traveller had come, there lay unpeopled desolation; westward, we had left tracts of desert and wide-scattered miserable cattle-runs; and up and down over all of it, here and there, we had seen or learned of the restless, indigent gold-pro prospector, seeking always for and finding nothing of that Gold Belt that Von der Linde had proved did not exist.

A whisper going abroad of the specimens we held would make our neighbourhood the most popular resort in Australia, and bring on our

track first the whole impecunious army that peopled and roved through the hungry tract we had left behind us, and later, nomads from all the corners of the earth. That we knew.

Our rations would allow less than a month's seeking, and our remaining funds would barely carry us thereafter back to the sea. No wonder we faced the desert with the hearts of men who were playing high with the odds against them.

We had to do our searching with the camp as a base, for we found no more water. In a fortnight the horses were nearly spent, and we had found nothing. A night of light rain had washed away any tracks that might have served as clues; we could only beat about in the blinding glare and heat, among the drifted sand-hillocks and blistering stony ridges, over the never-ending hot clay floor and among the hideous stunted bushes and lank shadeless timber—ceaselessly on the stretch to sight a low hill with a single bare tree on its summit.

As the days wore on, I came to think the unrewarded gazing, back and forth, across and across through the shimmering heat, was the sharpest cruelty that eyes and brain could suffer: but then would come a stab of hope—I would sight a slim straight tree, and look for the hill; or a low hill would slide from behind others, and I would gaze in agony for the one trim shaft; or the horse would stumble among stones, and I would look down for the reef, and about for hill and tree—and then the hope would withdraw, leaving a sorer smart.

We plodded forth in the dark, so that by sunrise we were at our searching, and carried our water-bags so that we might stay out till evening. At last it was clear that the horses could stand the work and thirsty spells no longer, and we set to planning dejectedly how we could persevere yet a little. We reckoned that we had explored the country for more than fifteen miles to the north-east, and for several miles right and left.

"We must have a day or two at it on foot if it's only to show we're game," Dawes said in a thin, level voice; "but it's a weary, weary land, and a small spot to find in it."

"And we've only a dying man's memory of where it is."

"And he must have travelled, moreover, twenty times round the compass after he left it before he struck our camp."

Thus we offered up to one another the dregs and rinsings of our enthusiasm. Nevertheless we elected, the following night, to leave the horses by the water and trudge away with two days' rations, and carrying between us the heavy water-bag we kept to tide us over long dry stages.

#### IV.

**A**RIPPLING of heat was already in the air by the time we had reached the farthest point of our former explorations, and, having breakfasted, we were hanging up the

water-bag securely, before parting to meet again at midday.

"There hang two men's lives," said Dawes, as he critically examined the fastenings of the bag, and looked for signs of leakage round the moist canvas. "If we were to find that water gone when we came in famished at dinner-time, and had to start the walk back to camp without a drink, a good eighteen miles by now—ugh! We're trying our chances unto the bitter last, Dick."

"We'll find it," I said, "to-day or to-morrow or some day, or—" the words died in my mouth.

"Never!" said Dawes, and laughed miserably as we eyed each other's gauntness and rags. "Never mind, old fellow, you did your best to scare up a hopeful presentiment, but there's none in either of us; it's dead, grim slogging. However, ha' done with this twaddling. You make east and I make west, and at dinner the twain shall meet, that is if we keep our bearings. Make note of the land mark"—he slapped the trunk of the tree where the water-bag was hanging, one that stood alone upon a plain perhaps a mile wide—"and God send us the sight of that other tree that overlooks Fortune."

We parted to right and left, and as the sun flamed at the zenith we met again by the tree. A look from far off told each one that the other was empty-handed; and each of us in turn tasted the only joy that, as it seemed, was left to us in a drought-stricken world, when we put our sun-parched lips to the tin and drank each a quart of water, vapid and abounding in suggestions of putrescence, but cold, from the oozing bag, and more vitally refreshing to us then and there than wine from the richest cellar in France.

Near sundown we met again, read deeper despair in one another's eyes, and tasted a brief spasm of joy from the water-bag.

Our billy was simmering by the fire; the tree-tops were ablaze in the last of the day's sunlight. Dawes, having laid out the wizened damper and leathery beef for supper, was staring listlessly out across the desert plain and the infinite sad-hued lines of vegetation beyond it, while I crouched by the fire with a hand in the tea-bag, waiting for the water to boil, when I saw him, like a soldier coming to the salute, shade his eyes with a hand.

I had made the tea and lifted the billy off to cool, and was stirring the leaves with a stick to make them settle before he said, without turning, "Birds!" I came and stood beside him while he pointed to where, low down upon the yellowing horizon, the lines of two flat-topped, naked hillsides, that stood shoulder high above the land about them, ran down towards one another.

"See them?" said Dawes; "between the slopes of the hill"; and straining my eyeballs I saw at last a slowly circling dot like a fleck of dust no bigger than a pin-point in the stainless canopy of air, and then another, and a third.



Into that great temple of silence where we stood we knew that no bird or beast would come, save for water or to feed. A few flies had followed, and still clung to us as a wandering oasis, and armoured, thirst-defying hosts of ants we had always with us; but excepting these and our two gaunt selves we had seen no living thing since we had left the water. Two things only there were that could bring those moving dots and set them sailing there; the wilderness beneath them was sweetened with water, or there was food to seek, and desert food, we knew, would mean carrion.

"Water?" I said, as we turned away with the jaded vitality renewed in us, even on such flimsy pretext, and attacked our flinty and scalding meal.



BIRDS.

"I doubt," said Dawes as he held the damper to his chest and toilsomely worked his knife through it. "There's a business-like flight and none of that wheeling business about birds coming to water at sundown; and after drinking they sit and gossip till bed-time, just like us. It strikes me it's a case of vultures and the sacrifice, or, to localise, kites above a dead beast."

The same thought, I knew, was in both of us, but neither would open the door to hope, that had given so many runaway knocks of late.

"Dead cattle, you mean?" I said tentatively, knowing he meant otherwise.

"No cattle there, I think," said Dawes, chewing stolidly and staring at the fire. "Nor for ten miles to the westward; even Cripps' skeletons couldn't live in this desert, supposing they had water."

"Well, it's not a horse," I said decisively, meaning to goad him into committing himself to hopefulness. I succeeded.

"We're a pair of asses," he said desperately, "and you're considerably the bigger ass of the two. We're thinking the same thing. It's a dead horse—that's what we're thinking; and supposing it had a saddle on and once belonged to the traveller we buried back there; and supposing we found it and got some clue to where *this* came from"—he held out a piece of the gold-studded quartz. We each carried one of the maddening fragments, and studied and handled them furtively at frequent intervals, day and night.

"It's far-fetched," I said oracularly, and absently brought out my quartz and rubbed it on my shirt sleeve.

"It's precisely what you were thinking, you miserable scarecrow," he said, with mock vindictiveness, as we both fondled the stones.

"Maybe," I said; "anyhow, suppose we have a sleep and start off and see."

A little later Dawes said in a business-like way: "I could always waken in time to catch a train, or miss it; and it would be comic if I couldn't get up in time to go gold-hunting. When the Cross gets to the angle of forty-five, I propose that I waken you and we make for those hills. We should be there by daylight."

It was late then, with the limpid darkness that falls on such windless, dewless nights; even the farthest, faintest wraith of star-mist stood clear like a summer cloud, and the pointers of the Southern Cross were wheeling up in the east above the murky line of the timber.

We lay down dutifully, and I listened, with ears cruelly alive, and wide-open, aching eyes, to the sure sounds of Dawes' wakefulness. Now and then I would thumb over the gold quartz and try to dig my nails into the soft metal. I had worn no nearer to sleep than to feel that with half a wakeful mind I was helplessly sorrowing for the condition of the other half that was stumbling on the uneasy border of dreamland, when Dawes stood black above me, and I sat up.

"Had a fine sleep, old chap?" he said.

"Most refreshing," I returned, and tried to compass a yawn.

The Cross was barely at the quarter heaven, and for a moment, before the blaze of our fire set a narrower limit to my sight, I looked out from my blanket, and could see in the starry twilight, out across the plain and into the fringe of stunted trees beyond, the way we had to go. The sluggard's cowardice came upon me. That way did not look to be the threshold of fortune. I was dirty, parched, aching,



hopeless; a dry sob shook my throat; and an agony of longing, an animal hunger for a bath, the breath of flowers, running water, the white napery and the shine and savour of an English breakfast-table possessed me.

A tongue of fire shot up where Dawes stood above the ashes, and his seamed, grimy, manful face sprang out, ringed in by the darkness.

"Let's go back to camp, Dawes, and get away to the sea and ships," I called, like a frightened child.

"What?" He looked up ever so kindly, and I was glad that the fire was between us, so that he could not see me. "Jump up, Dick, it's the desert fever's got you. Jump! That's it"—as he heard me bound from the blanket. "Shake it off! So. Hold tight, lad, it's near the end. Long lane, you know—turning—or—one can drop."

The cleft between the hills lay a point to the west of north; by the compass we saw that a little cluster of stars overhung the spot, and we set out towards it.

Four times, I think, we changed sides so as to rest our arms from the weight of the bag; and as we halted a moment at each change, we spoke, and then only; but even then it was merely to dwell upon the driest details of direction and the likelihood of reaching the hills by dawn. Otherwise, we went forward doggedly and in silence, bearing with the growing thirst that came the sooner for our want of sleep, heeding our steps, lifting and swinging our feet in time, plodding uncouthly and bending to our burdens at the gait and with the forward stoop of tired travellers who have a journey still before them.

It seemed to me that I had passed sunless years in watching lank-limbed trees and stealthy bushes, grey drifts of stone and an infinity of flat, unfruitful earth, shape themselves out of the darkness ahead and glide mournfully by us, when as we came out upon an open space we saw that the eastern bend of the horizon was coldly alight, and that a little way before us the two flat-topped hills stood out in inky blackness.

Beyond the open the trees were scanty, and we could keep watch now in the dim brightness, with eyes so accustomed to the starshine that we passed nothing such as we were in search of.

"If nothing stops us," said Dawes, "let's go beyond the gorge and work back. It will be as far as we dare go," and he shook his end of the water-bag by way of explanation.

The flat-topped hills were mean in height; we passed through the shallow gorge between them while the light was still dim, and saw beyond the same sad-coloured monotony that lay behind us.

I was making ready to meet dejection stubbornly, and had it on my tongue to advocate a halt and plead for water for my raging thirst, when I saw in the half-light, full in our way and perhaps a hundred paces ahead, a dull thing upon the ground, and at the sight the earth beneath me seemed to heave and fall. I tried to call it a rock—a tree-trunk—and lied

to myself desperately till I saw, as it were, a black thread that straggled about the narrow end of the thing and a lump on its middle. Then I knew it was a dead horse with the saddle and bridle still upon it. I would have broken into a run.

"Steady, Dick," said Dawes, his voice shaking. "Steady. I see it. And it may mean nothing. And if we race and fall and spill this water, then the hand of death is on us. So, in good order. So." By then we had drawn near to the thing, and a stale, heavy stench was in our nostrils. "A bright bay," Dawes went on; "a star on his forehead, and—oh, the sunny land—a bullet-hole in the star. Bit and bridle, stirrup and saddle, in their places. And, lay hold of the bag, Dick"—he stooped down, and said quietly as he moved about—"and sure enough, the kites have been feasting among his ribs."

He paused, and stood between me and what he saw. Then he continued, lower: "And his throat is cut—and, why—there's the print of a man's hand in the dried blood about the horse's head. And the last time he stooped above his good horse was to drink its blood. Ah."

It was a giddy moment, to see that hollow carcass and feel the thick stench in one's nostrils; and to hear Dawes' rude requiem over the dead prospector and his horse; and to think of what the sight of that servant lying dead there in his harness might portend for us two before the sun went down. I felt the handle of the water-bag slip in my fingers, and clutched it desperately.

"Come out of the stink," I said, aping Dawes' own firmness, "and let's deliberate. The sun will be up in ten minutes, and there's a big day before us; and to-night"—I made the water splash inside the canvas—"we must be within comfortable walk of our water-hole, or—"

Dawes followed me obediently to a great bleached log that lay invitingly clear of the foul air.

"A kiln in good working order is moist compared to my throat," he said, as we unslung our swags and laid them out upon the log, dallying for a moment in delicious anticipation of the water. I had forgotten my thirst in the hurry of the last moments; now I felt the imperious craving.

"You drink first," said Dawes; and I took the plug from the wide mouth of the bag and forgot all else as the cool water went with a liquid gurgling and clanking into the tin quart till it brimmed.

I put it to my lips, and revelled in the sense of the glad revival that went on within me. My eyes above the rim of the quart wandered in open innocent delight, and I noticed with rapture how the rocky level top of the hill I faced shone yellow to the rising sun as if roofed with a slab of gold.

I had heard without heeding, as I drank, that Dawes had stepped away, but he was behind me, and I forgot him in the childish gratification

of my drinking and in my survey of the gold-topped hill.

The quart was tilted empty at my mouth when I heard Dawes calling, far behind me, and I turned swiftly: in one hand I held the empty tin; with the other I still grasped the handle of the open water-bag that rested on the log.



DAWES WAS CAPERING LIKE A MADMAN.

The dead horse lay between Dawes and me; two hundred yards away he was capering like a madman and shouting as he held something above his head. I looked for one brief instant; then I forgot all else and ran for him; and as I ran my slower senses called to me the inventory, item by item, of what my fleetest instincts had noted when my legs started to run. Dawes was capering on the summit of a long, low hill that rose like a whale-back from the level ground about it; at his elbow was a lank, straight tree; what he held above his head was, I saw as I ran and shouted, a stone—a white stone, bigger than his hand—a stone with shining yellow smears and spots upon it. And then the dying man's broken sentence rang in my head: "Near to—Near *two*? Two flat-topped hills?" It was the last word.

As I gained the crest of the slope Dawes turned and heaved the boulder down the farther side; it bounded away, and fell at last, crashing into a shallow hole that had been ripped open in the centre of a widely scattered patch of white fragments. Even from the hill-top I could see in the cap of the opened reef, through and among the white-brown quartz, streaks and clusters of shining yellow.

Then Dawes leaned against the tree-shaft and sobbed with his whole heart, while I

roused strange echoes from the sides of the two level-topped hills of hardly human laughter.

We shortly fell from exhilaration to be drily systematic with occasional spasmodic bursts of incommunicable joy interspersed as we examined the find.

There was no doubt; there lay in the broad light of morning the cap of a reef of marvellous richness. We had passed and tried a thousand such scattered patches, or "blows," of quartz in vain. A few cubic feet of stone of the richness of that we saw disclosed meant competence; a few yards, fortune; and a little more than that, fabulous wealth; competence, one might say, lay in sight; a few blows of the pick might show a fortune.

"There's four feet of reef there, and never the sight of a wall," said Dawes; "now why did he not try the width—ha! Look! as if left to order——" He had stooped to lift a miner's pick that lay as if thrown down hurriedly, ten feet away from the reef.

He had raised the pick to bring it down in the earth that hid the wall of the reef, but he paused with the tool above his head, and lowered it gently.

"Why," he said slowly, "why did he open no farther? Why did he throw his pick away like that? Poor chap." He looked about him slowly, and a fear—of what I could not tell—seized me. "Dick, what's that?" he said sharply.

I looked where he pointed and saw something on the ground, and went over and lifted it. It was a water-bag, dry, bleached, with one of its corners ripped open.

"I see," said Dawes quietly, and dropped the pick as I handed him the thing. "That's it, is it? He found the reef and worked at it like a fury. Forgot everything. Remembered at last he was mad thirsty; found horse had lain on the bag perhaps, and cut it open—on gold quartz, maybe. Found horse was done. We know the rest. Poor chap, poor chap. And that reminds me," he went on, rubbing his parched lips, "the sun's high, and I've had no water since—— Dick, Dick, what is it?"

I was shaking like a man with the ague. My lips moved, but I could utter no word. "Come," said Dawes, and took my arm, "it's enough to give a man a turn. Come," and he pulled me towards the log. But I lagged like a frightened schoolboy. "Dick, Dick, old man, what is it?" I was growing heavier on his arm as we neared the log. "Dick, bear up, lad. Have another drink." And Dawes lay down upon the hard earth on his face.

I had known it. I had dropped the bag, stopperless, upon the log, and it was empty. The canvas and the log beneath it were almost dry. As I lifted the bag and tried to tear it with my teeth I smelt the smell of wet earth where the water—as precious as life-blood—had run out. It was the smell of rain upon dry land.

I stooped above Dawes where he lay, and

with my head upon his shoulder I raved and called upon his name a hundred times—cried for his forgiveness, and begged that he would kill me, and said I know not what beside.

When he turned slowly and sat up, I hung my head while the dry sobs tore me.

"There," he said softly, "there, Dick. It's over and done. Come, play the man. I'd have done the same. Mates, aren't we, in life or death?" He rose. "Stand up, Dick. So. Look me in the face—in the eyes. That's it. Give me your right hand. There. Now to play the last throw."

And coolly and steadily, while I sat unmanned, he made our plans.

"There's one chance. Only one. Sixteen miles north-east from our rocky water-hole, and another five north, is twenty-one. It's far, and a fine point to hit when we're tired and thirsty." A groan came from me as I heard him try to swallow in his dry throat.

"Steady," he went on. "Cripps' homestead lies thirty miles from the rocky hole, and say nor-nor'-west. And it's on the Talgoona road, running north-east and south-west. We must be within twenty miles of the homestead, lying north-west by west from here. If we miss the station, we must hit the road, and can run it right or left to Cripps, and—water."

He had taken out his compass: as he spoke he traced the points and the lines of direction with his knife-blade upon the baked earth, and, lastly, with a steady hand, drew the line that was to set our course. I sat and watched him dully, cowed even beyond the power of thinking by the effects of my deadly folly that had brought us to such a pass—at such a moment.

"That's our shortest and safest road, I think," Dawes said, and pointed. I rose and looked the way he showed, but dared not speak.

"We'll leave our property here to be called for," he went on, and pointed to our dusty belongings and the empty water-bag; then we both felt about us for anything of noticeable weight, that we might throw it down; and each of us, driven by fixed habit, drew out his specimen. At that I was on the brink of crying out again; Dawes' face grew black, and he made to fling down his stone and stamp upon it; but he threw it up and caught it in the other hand. "We'll keep them," he said, "as mementoes."

There was an instant's silence between us; then he came suddenly behind me and gripped me by the shoulders and spun me about so that I stood upon his chart and faced along the line of our march—my throat heaved, and I clenched my teeth as I remembered another map, like a ham, drawn by Dawes with the butt of his whip-handle, how long and long ago.

"Dick," I heard his voice ring firm at my ear; "you have drunk and I have not. You're the stronger, and you must lead. I'll follow. You've got the course. Keep it while there's life and breath in you, and I'll follow you.

Swear—no; mates needn't swear to one another—say you'll keep it and won't look round."

I tried to turn, but he held me. "There," he said sternly. "I know. Time's short. You'll want to know I'm behind you. I'm coming to that. Every hundred steps I'll call 'Right!' Remember the longer we go, the more deadly it is to stop and rest. The counting will keep us going. If you don't hear me, you can turn. And then—Dick, it's our—it's my only chance. I know it. Say you'll stick to it."

I promised. I, the stronger in body, was cowed at heart by what I had brought upon him. He had outlived the fear of death as he lay face down upon the earth. He mastered me. I know it now: he meant to give his life that I might reach the water. The sparse shadows were drawing in about the trees now as the sun climbed. There was a sting and a throb to the heat as the morning ripened towards the intolerable noon.

He gave my shoulders a firm, friendly shake and let me go. "Now," he said, "Ready: One, two, three." I moved away as he spoke.

I counted a hundred heavy steps, and heard Dawes' "Right!" sound clearly behind me.

The tens gathered, mounted, and were dispersed at the century by the voice behind me, again, and again, and many times, till to count the dull mechanical steps, and listen for the word; to watch the shadows that I might keep a true course as the sun climbed, poised overhead, and started to decline towards afternoon; to note how sluggishly the flaring ground and trees crept towards and behind me; and how the thirst gnawed inwards—became things that I had done always, and must do for ever. The counting, listening, and watching soon left me senseless to the passage of the hours—to drag my feet forward, to listen for a word spoken at set periods, spoken by whom I had forgotten, and to watch by the shadows. Presently I did these things blindly, and walked, counted, listened and recounted, with more than man's purpose and as little thought in the doing of them as water takes in running to the sea. To walk, count, listen, hear, count again, and watch, with tongue and throat on fire, was the fiercest pain my body could suffer; to leave these things undone was to be given over as lost.

When I try now to recall those hours, I have no clear recollection of the time; but upon that space of memory lies a thick shadow in which, when my thoughts enter upon it, monstrous and unreal things assail me. It is the shadow of delirium. What befell, precisely, on that long day when I started in front of Dawes on the forlorn hope to lead him to the road and the water, or how or when I left him to die, I can only guess. There are glimpses in the retrospect that are clearer than the others, and are only the more terrible because they have more of the air of truth in them; these pass before me in the light of glaring afternoon, and seem as if they might be of the time when Dawes' strength was done and my mind was going; and they have brought me the conviction that he gave his last efforts



to tricking me into the belief that he was behind me, following me and calling "Right!" at the hundreds. For in these I seem to hear him stagger and then cry to me hoarsely that he was safe, and reminding me of my promise. Again, I seem to have turned, and to have seen him lagging faintly, and that he ran up to me, stumbling, swearing first, then laughing, and put his hand over my eyes, turning me forward again on my way and calling "Right! Right!" into my ear again and again. There are other such glimpses of the journey. All of them are blurred; but in all he appears as cheating me into thinking he is safe. And at last, where memory is given over to the horror of madness, through it all I have his hands upon me and his voice in my ear.

It was a month later when I had gathered strength enough to know that I was the gaunt, heavy-limbed wreck that was crawling about the homestead of Cripps' cattle station, receiving the neutral kindness of neglect from the few hard-featured men that so mysteriously came and went about the place. I was used to the laconic ways of the bush; but as the dim memories of the reef, and of Dawes, and of our starting out to find the water after our bag had spilled, began to take shape, I came to bitterly resent the stolid withholding of any enlightenment as to how I came there empty-handed, why I was alone, who it was that I must be seeking, and what it was that I had found and lost again.

The full, clear recollection of it all came unaided, and suddenly, like the first flash of the rising sun. The secret comings and goings about the station, that of late had been more urgent and more carefully concealed from me, had roused a vague mistrust in me, of something going forward in which for some sinister cause I was not to share. The station was deserted; I was sitting on a rude bench on the verandah, staring uneasily down the trodden road to where it curved and was hidden by the timber, when from beyond my point of sight I heard the tramp and jingle of approaching horses and the voices of men. At the sound, and before they came in sight, I had remembered all. My hand went to the breast of my shirt where I had used to keep the gold quartz. It was not there. I sat, while the sweat started upon me, and watched a file of driven horses come towards me in the dust, with two eager men behind them, and sat on, helpless, while they drew up and hailed me.

"Is this Cripps'?"

"Yes."

"Any water between here and the Twilight?"

"The what?"

"Twilight Reef. You sitting at Cripps' door and haven't heard of the Twilight, the biggest find since Bendigo. Where have you been, anyway?"

Where had I been? I? "I've been sick," I said, as I gripped the hard bench and saw the men, the road, and the trees shake like water in a breeze. "What is it?"

I knew. I knew what was coming as one of the men, brown, bearded, keen as a ferret and as fit as steel, got down and rummaged in a pack-bag, flinging me delightedly scraps of information on my own recent history, and its bitter sequel.

He produced a crumpled newspaper and, folding it into a long strip, held it out to me. "Read that," he said, "and you'll feel better, mate."

I read it. There it was! Done in the language of the reporter, but set on a basis of truth as firm as the ground beneath me. How a man, his name unknown, had staggered at sundown, a month ago, into the road near to the place where I was reading. He was raving mad with thirst, and howling what sounded like—the wandering prospector who caught him said—a maniac rendering of the Evening Hymn. And he constantly pointed behind him as though some one was following him, and seemed to listen, saying in the pauses of his singing, "Right! Right!" and repeating the word again and again. Then the newspaper account passed on to tell of a lump of gold-studded quartz that was in the breast of the madman's shirt, and of the following backward of his tracks, and the finding of a reef the like of which had not been seen before. The news of it had gone round the world, which was sending ambassadors from all its corners to trace and open up the new Gold Belt that experts had always contended would be found to exist on the western, as well as the eastern, side of Australia. There was in the newspaper also brief mention of a dead man found, with only a torn shirt upon his back, some fifteen miles from the reef.

When the diggers who brought in the news came back to the house after hobbling their horses near the creek, they found me senseless on the clay floor with the newspaper clenched in my hand.

The few that have heard my story up till now, have called me spiritless, for that I turned my face to the sea and sailed for England. I could have claimed, they say, and must have shared, some of the wealth I tapped. It may be so, but it is late to speak of that now. As I went coastwards, I met men by the thousand, all making for the Twilight, and I hurried to the sea.

But now I am resigned, if not always content. On the Devon coast I read of fresh turmoils on the new goldfields, and seem to catch an echoing roar from the Stock Exchange, and I go back to the memory of Dawes, and of the pioneers whose unburied bones are bleaching in the wilderness as white as quartz.

## A PANORAMA OF LONDON LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

IN this volume Mr. Booth brings to a close his long survey of the people of London as classified in trades and occupations. The work is, in form, a commentary on the elaborate figures of the census of 1891, but the researches and investigations of the staff of experts whom Mr. Booth has collected around him make it possible for the volumes which have been issued in succession to portray accurately the conditions of existence up to date, although more than half of the decennial period has necessarily elapsed before the completion of the work. No book can be mentioned in comparison with this great undertaking for trustworthy information concerning many aspects of London life. The volumes are fascinating reading to any thoughtful man. Mr. Booth is cautious in his conclusions, and seldom diverges from the exposition of ascertained facts; at the same time, the numerous side-lights thrown on the topic make the perusal almost as interesting as Mr. Gladstone's famous Budget speeches did his treatment of imperial finance.

This eighth volume extends to nearly 500 pages of closely printed matter, and is of more diversified interest than any that have preceded it. In a short review we can only refer to some of the many sections into which it is divided, and give a few illustrations of the multitude of facts accumulated in this storehouse. We shall eagerly await the final volume now in the press, in which Mr. Booth promises to deal with the conclusions to be drawn from the whole industrial inquiry. For the purposes of enumeration, the population of the country was divided by the census authorities into eighty-nine great classes of trades and occupations, with numerous subdivisions under each. The present volume embraces the last thirteen of these sections; in them are included 1,147,845 out of 4,211,743, or a little more than one-fourth of the total population of the metropolis. Perhaps, because coming at the end of the classification, we get an unparalleled assortment of individuals and families; we have the whole of professional London—the realms of law, medicine, art, literature, amusement, education, religion; we have the vast army of domestic servants and subsidiary occupations connected with household life, from the laundress and the barber to those who practise what Acts of Parliament term the "trade, business, or mystery of a chimney-sweep"; we have the concourse of the unemployed, where, according to the census tables, there are put, cheek by jowl, in a way which ought to satisfy the most advanced democrat, "foreign soldiers or sailors, lunatic, gypsy,

pauper, foreign diplomatic service, patentee, M.P., ward in chancery, privy councillor, graduate"; we have the inmates of institutions—workhouses, infirmaries, prisons, hospitals. While dealing with the whole of London proper, the *locale* of those here spoken of is far more in the western and central districts than in the east and south. We see but little of the great bodies of organised labour; the vision of huge factories and large workshops, of the river, the docks, and the transport service gives place to the church, the school-house and the law-court, the theatre and the music-hall; we breathe the atmosphere of Mayfair and Seven Dials, of Leicester Square and Piccadilly; the mansions of the great and the tenements of Soho, the leisured rich and the shattered wrecks, the prison-warder and the hospital sister, the journalist and the clergyman, pass before our eyes as the panorama is unrolled.

It is worthy of note that in every division of the population there is a considerable fraction which dwells in what must be termed "crowded conditions." Thus, even among the police, as many as 10·4 per cent. dwell with families averaging not fewer than two persons to each room, while amongst those connected with medicine and nursing, this rises to 12·6, and in art and amusement to 19·3. Even in the case of persons of independent means, pensioners, etc., it is as high as 14·5. Many classes of the community contain no rich, but all have a very considerable fraction of poor.

In this connection it will be useful to quote the summarised statistics of the whole population in the following form:

Members of families in which no servants are kept . . . . .	3,371,789	Per cent. 80·1
Members of servant-keeping families . . . . .	476,325	11·3
Servants, including 9,633 in hotels and institutions . . . . .	205,858	4·9
Inmates of institutions . . . . .	157,771	3·7
	<hr/> 4,211,743	<hr/> 100

It is apparent how preponderant is the great mass of the population which is without any domestic help outside the families concerned. As might be expected, there are some classes which practically have no such aid rendered to them; thus we get 43,397 persons in dock labourers' families with an insignificant 20 servants amongst them, and 15,690 factory labourers' with 10 servants.

The particulars given of the inmates of public institutions reveal some significant facts. In the hospitals there is naturally a large percentage of seamen, lightermen, and railway

<sup>1</sup> "Life and Labours of the People in London," edited by Charles Booth. Vol. VIII. London: Macmillan & Co., 1896.



servants, doubtless from accident; in the statistics of an East London Sick Benefit Society for the past year with which we are well acquainted as many as 56·8 per cent. of the cases on the club were accident cases—so high is the penalty paid in industrial districts by working men. Next to them come poor seamstresses, who seem to break down at every point, both on account of diminishing occupation and fierce competition. In the lunatic asylums they have a very high percentage, which only shows in statistical form what is sadly familiar to all of us who have lived and worked among the poor and who have seen, with infinite grief, the steady decay of the mental powers of the poor women who work at

"Band, gusset, and seam,  
Seam, gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand."

In the workhouse infirmaries we get the highest percentage in the case of seamstresses and also of street sellers—a comprehensive designation which includes all those who get their living in the streets, a class continually recruited by the failures in more definite occupations.

When we come to analyse the figures for prisons we are struck with a feature which must be disquieting to every patriotic Londoner: in most classes there is a marked rise in the number of the inmates of gaols, to the discredit of the Cockney; in some sections the figures are startling; thus, for example, with regard to tailors, while only 37 per cent. of the total number of heads of families in this trade were born in London, as many as 60 per cent. of those in prison were natives of the metropolis; in the case of boot makers, the corresponding figures are 52 per cent. and 73 per cent. The bias is strong against the Londoner in all the sections which deal with labourers and artisans; he gets into the clutches of the police far more than the immigrant, and has a correspondingly damaged reputation. The statistics of the leisured and moneyed classes convey a similar lesson; as Mr. Booth remarks, "they bear out the general view that in London the more successful people are largely country-born." It appears that of those who now live in the metropolis 56 per cent. of those who live on their own means, 60 per cent. of those who have retired from business, and 65 per cent. of those who are pensioners, were all born elsewhere. Is it that the public spirit of the huge, unwieldy, amorphous city has never been adequately developed, or that the push, tact, and energy of north-countrymen displace Londoners from the best positions and drive them back to poverty and crime? Is it that the Christian Church has never fully discharged its responsibility to the crowded populations, which exist? It is patent that in spite of all the rascaldom of the Continent which finds a refuge here, native-born Londoners have an unenviable pre-eminence amongst the denizens of our prisons. From the days of Whittington, new-comers appear to have secured the prizes,

while the bead-roll in literature and art of London's worthies is meagre when we remember its vast population—now much greater than the whole of Scotland; 200 years ago this disproportion was even more conspicuous in relation to other places, for London was then 17 times the size of the biggest of other English cities.

#### "THE NOISELESS FACTORIES OF THE LAW."

Mr. Booth reminds us that the chief clerks to barristers in the largest practice have an income of £800 or £1,000 a year; such clerks act as go-betweens, who arrange for barristers the briefs to be accepted from solicitors and the fees to be paid; they themselves receive from 5 to 8 per cent. of their employers' earnings; hence, it is obvious that the incomes of barristers in the front rank must run up to £20,000 a year. In the decennial period, from 1881 to 1891, there was a marked increase in the numbers of those in London engaged in providing amusement (amounting to 30 per cent.) and in literature, but the total number of those who are connected with the law had actually diminished by 1,300.

We get a glimpse of the seamy side of legal life in the particulars supplied of men who are extra hands for law engrossing and copying, and who constitute what is technically known as "the trade." Small rooms are rented by "office-keepers," who are the middlemen of the trade. They provide benches, desks, ink, fire, and lighting, and allow men to come and work there. "The stationer sends round the documents he has received from the solicitor to the office-keeper, who, in his turn, deals them out, first of all to himself, and then to the more regular of the attendants at his rooms, and lastly to the less regular. The more regular are known as 'sitters.' Many of them have served their time as apprentices, and fallen out of work partly through an inherent inability to put up with the tedium of office life, and also, to an even greater extent, through unsteadiness caused by drink. Those who have not served their time, but have managed to 'pick up' the work, are known as 'wallers.' If wanted they are to be found leaning against the street wall (whence their name) or at the 'iron office,' as one of the lamp-posts in Cursitor Street is termed. In all there are about 200 of them in London." Many of these men suffer from the pernicious custom, which seems hardly necessary, of requiring all the copying to be completed during the night. It is not surprising that cases of drunkenness are by no means rare among law writers as well as among solicitors' and barristers' clerks, whose duties expose them to much temptation.

#### DOCTORS AND NURSES.

London has 4,342 doctors (of whom 60 are women) and as many as 15,542 nurses to minister to its needs; of the latter the great majority (14,662) are women.

Of peculiar interest is the statistical table compiled and given by the special permission of Sir James Paget, Bart., F.R.S.; in it he traces the careers of 1,000 of his pupils over a period of fifteen years dating from their entrance to the hospital at which he was a lecturer. Of the thousand—

- 23 achieved distinguished success.
- 66 achieved considerable success.
- 507 achieved fair success.
- 124 achieved very limited success.
- 56 failed entirely.
- 96 left the profession.
- 87 died within twelve years of commencing practice.
- 41 died during pupilage.

1,000

In this summary fair success is ascribed to those who acquired a moderate practice—enough to live on—or ordinary public appointments. Hence, the result is distinctly encouraging, as it shows that less than 25 per cent. of those who completed their course have fallen below the line of comfortable living; the detailed facts show that many of the failures were due to intemperance and other personal faults. Sir James Paget adds that a student's success "will depend on himself a hundredfold more than on circumstances."

The number of nurses has increased by 60 per cent. during the last thirty years, and there is a growing desire on the part of ladies to undertake this beneficent ministry; those, however, who have received a University education are conspicuously absent, generally preferring to take up medical work as doctors. Great numbers of applications to be admitted to the nursing staffs of hospitals are received, one matron having had as many as 2,500 during 1895; it must be remembered, however, that girls often put their names down at more than one hospital. Renewed evidence is given of the physical strain of nursing work, which is especially felt during the first three months of hospital life. The long hours of work and the constant moving over the hard and polished floors induce indigestion, anæmia, over-strain, and flat-foot. It seems difficult to provide treble shifts on account of the extra accommodation involved; but in some way a nurse's labours need to be lightened.

From the hospitals the great majority of nurses pass to private nursing, in which a net income of about £70 a year can generally be secured. There has also been a most gratifying development of "district nursing," and happily there are now few poor neighbourhoods which have not some such provision for the nursing of the sick poor in their homes by ladies who

"Thread to-day the unheeding street,  
And stairs to Sin and Famine known  
Sing with the welcome of their feet."

It is satisfactory to note the greatly improved provision for the old age of nurses which has sprung from the foundation in 1887 of the

Jubilee Royal National Pension Fund—a movement which ought to be greatly helped during the present year of the Queen's record reign.

#### EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENT.

Within a half-mile radius of Fleet Street there are produced most of the 2,000 periodicals which are issued from London printing-offices. 500 of these are daily or weekly newspapers or journals. Mr. Booth says that "in this, as in almost every other avocation, London is a good finishing school but a bad training ground, and the great majority of successful journalists have received their professional training in the provinces."

In the educational world there has been a great increase. The London School Board now has 400,912 of the 575,851 children in average attendance. We note, to our surprise, that while the Roman Catholics have 370 priests in London, there are only 93 Roman Catholic schools returned by the Education Department, with an average attendance of 22,500, or only about one twenty-sixth part of the total number in attendance.

Forty-four theatres cater for the amusement of Londoners. It seems that not a few persons in the West End of London will even pay to be admitted to the stage in the humblest capacity, so great is its attraction. In the pantomimes and other spectacles, numerous young children are employed, and it is not surprising that many parents seek the necessary magisterial permission, when little girls from seven to eight years of age often earn ten shillings per week. But the most astonishing of all the interesting facts collected in this section is the large amount earned by the most popular music-hall singers. Such are able to take two or three "turns" each night, hurrying from one place of entertainment to another. The income of a first-rate man may be as high as £3,000 a year. At the opposite end of the profession, we have the out-of-work artistes who assemble on Monday mornings at the corner of York Road and Waterloo Road at what is known as "Poverty Junction," or "Out-at-Elbows Corner," in the hope of getting a few engagements from managers of clubs and small halls who come to fill up their programmes for the week.

#### DOMESTIC SERVICE.

A quarter of a million of the inhabitants of the metropolis are returned as domestic servants, of whom four-fifths reside in the houses in which they serve. There is a natural preponderance in the western and central districts over the East End; the former absorb 122,953, compared with the 19,773 who minister to the wants of the crowded population east of Aldgate. It is interesting to note that 65,000 servants are in families keeping one servant; of these about 30 per cent. have to wait on six or more persons. Miss Mary Paul, who is

mainly responsible for this section of the book, points out that to make thoroughly good servants there needs to be an aptitude for the relationship involved—"a relationship very similar in some respects to that subsisting between sovereign and subject." Now, in working-class households, there is a growing development in the opposite direction of independence; hence girls, as we have repeatedly seen, will toil in poisonous factories or drudge in the streets rather than submit to the restrictions of domestic service. Sometimes we have found a dread of cruel mistresses springing from some exaggerated or exceptional experience known to them.

The comparatively small section of chimney-sweeps (in which, by the way, thirty-seven women are employed) has had a quite disproportionate share of legislative attention. Since 1788, six Acts of Parliament have dealt with it. As late as 1819 boys of four, five, and six were climbing chimneys in unspeakable misery, and the practice was not stamped out till 1864, when it was made illegal for a sweep to take with him into any house to which he went to work any young person under sixteen years of age. "Sooty cancer" has been the bane of the sweep's work; it is now happily diminished by more cleanly habits. "In olden days, not only was a daily wash after work a rare occurrence, but some sweeps apparently never washed at all, while the boys habitually slept on the bags of soot which they had collected during the day." This reminds us of a labouring man we well knew, who, on being asked how he caught a very severe cold, said, "Well, sir, I did a very rash thing; last Saturday night I put my feet in water. I hadn't wet 'em before for a year, and bothered if I'll do it agen in a 'urry."

#### THE HORRORS OF SOHO.

The particulars given by Mr. Booth concerning West London may be supplemented by the independent investigation undertaken by Mr. Arthur Sherwell,<sup>1</sup> who has made a minute analysis of the conditions of the dwellers in the Soho district. Here the contrast between wealth and poverty is accentuated by the proximity of Mayfair and Belgravia. "The poor of West London are made to feel that they are aliens from life on the very borders of their own homesteads." Overcrowding is prevalent in its worst forms; for the whole of London the average density of population per acre is 56; in the civil parish of St. Anne's, Soho, it is 232. We get the appalling statement that 10 per cent. live with four or more persons in one room—a state of things which becomes pestilential and makes it impossible for houses

to be homes. Mr. Sherwell states that the announcement, "Part of a room to let," may be sometimes seen in Soho, and he gives instances of excessive over-crowding—in one case five rooms occupied by twenty-five persons, in another case a small back room occupied by seven persons, including two lodgers. The high rents largely compel such demoralising conditions of life; two small attics in one street were let for 8s. a week. The results are seen in the death rate from phthisis, a malady which always lurks in such tenements; the rate per thousand in Soho is as high as 3·2, while in Kensington it is 1·5 and in breezy Hampstead 0·9.

The predominant industry in Soho is tailoring, and a vast amount of the work is done in the "domestic workshops" found in these crowded habitations; the search-light which Mr. Sherwell throws upon this system ought to hasten its extinction. He gives the following, for the accuracy of which he personally vouches: "A certain worker, whom I happen to know, and who is one of the best workers in the trade, had the misfortune some years ago to have several of his children (I think three) down at one time with fever, one of them subsequently dying of the disease. The man, however, not only failed to notify the firm for whom he was working of the fact, but actually used the work upon which he was at the time engaged as a temporary covering for the sick children, and afterwards sent it home as finished in the ordinary way. Among the garments so used was one that was made for the late Cardinal Manning." As so many of us have been urging for years, there is no adequate remedy for such abominations apart from the absolute insistence on work by tailors, seamstresses, and others being done in properly appointed, furnished, and regulated workshops; out-work needs to be totally abolished.

It is patent that many of the troubles of this region result from the thoughtlessness of aristocratic customers; the work is largely for "season trades"; periods of tremendous pressure are succeeded by months of idleness. The moral degradation of this neighbourhood, "infamous throughout Europe as a recognised rendezvous for the most vicious and dissolute characters," is due also largely to the "idle luxury and vicious irresponsibility of West End life." To combat the gambling and intemperance, the multifarious sin and despair of such a district, the enthusiasm of many who have faith, culture, and leisure, and who live close at hand, needs to be aroused, that they may devote themselves to the victims who lie at their doors. "Enthusiastic and intelligent personal service" is required within a stone's throw of the mansions of the wealthy as fully as in other dismal regions separated by distance from them

<sup>1</sup> "Life in West London: a Study and a Contrast." By Arthur Sherwell. London: Methuen and Co., 1897.



## RUSKIN'S SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.



BARMOUTH.

ON the shores of Cardigan Bay, swept by the warm current of the Gulf Stream, a steep, rugged cliff juts boldly out from the mountain range which rises above the broad estuary of the River Mawddach. Perched on narrow ledges of this cliff, wherever they can find foothold, are the rough stone-built cottages of the Welsh fishing village of Abermaw, better known to-day as the modern popular watering-place of Barmouth. It is pleasant to forget, and from some points of view it is possible not to see, the ugly new buildings; and the old town climbing up the face of the rock, in utmost irregularity of outline, with the fine mass of the mountain grandly uplifted high above, is as picturesque as ever. Steep steps, often cut in the rock itself, or narrow, twisty passages, lead from one ledge to another. One terrace may hold two low, gabled cottages. Another may find room for a little group of three or four; or perhaps one cottage has its tiny plateau to itself. Often there are two—one on the top of the other—with the entrances at different levels; and from each one could drop a stone down the chimney of the cottage immediately below. Picturesque beyond question are these curious little eyries, the rock breaking out all about in hoary crags with clumps of heather and gorse, glacial markings, and white quartz veinings, and rising up and up for 1,000 feet; and if the approach to them is somewhat difficult—if each has to consume more than the usual share of its neighbour's smoke—if one does sometimes feel cramped for lack of a level space to stretch one's legs in—

there are gains which more than compensate for these drawbacks.

Where else do the windows open upon a finer expanse of sea and sky? Where are there more sheltered corners than under these rough-hewn massive walls which keep off the wind from east to north, and reflect the sun's rays all day long? Where else such glorious glimpses from every opening of the mountains on each side of the broad river, with their ever-shifting lights and shadows? Into every cranny blows the sweet salt air from the sea; every cottage is steeped in sunshine during the greater part of the day; and from every window can be seen either the long, soft line of mountains across the estuary, or the sea glimmering to the far horizon.

There are days of darkness and storm—days when only white lines of angry breakers on the bar gleam through the grey vapour that veils mountains and sea; days when rain lashes the cottage windows, and winds howl about the big chimneys. But the little cottages cling bravely on to the breast of the rock; and it is very rarely that they suffer any damage.

It is in this part of old Barmouth, "on the first bit of ground—noble crystalline rock, I am thankful to say—possessed by St. George in the island" (to quote Mr. Ruskin)—that may be found the St. George's Cottages, given to the guild of St. George in 1875 by Mrs. G. T. Talbot. And as questions are often asked about them, and as interest deepens with passing years in the great-hearted founder of the Guild, it has been suggested that a brief

paper on the subject may be welcome, especially as it can fortunately be illustrated by an artist who is himself a tenant of one of St. George's cottages.

The events of the early seventies are already looked upon as ancient history. Probably every time is a "critical" time; but it seemed to many who were middle-aged men at that date, that so great were the changes—social, political, and intellectual—passing over the human race, that nothing less than another revolution could be the outcome of the unrest and upheaval which they saw on all sides. To John Ruskin, partly from the idiosyncrasies of his temperament and the circumstances of his life, into which this is not the place to enter, the prospect assumed the gloomiest hue, and a social revolution seemed inevitable. It was impossible for a man of his intense character to accept such a fact, and go on living his own life in ease and indifference. There was the fiery zeal of a prophet within him, as well as the delicate perceptions of the artist soul; and he, at least, could not rest without taking some practical step for the help of his country. And so, in 1871, in the midst of literary, professorial, and other work, he spared time and thought to set on foot "the Guild of St. George," for the salvation of England, appealing in a series of letters to the working-men of England for co-operation in his scheme.

The following summary of the constitution of St. George's Company, in "Fors" for July 1876, shows how slowly the enterprise grew:

"The St. George's Company is a society established to carry out certain charitable objects, towards which it invites and thankfully will receive help from any persons caring to give it, either in money, labour, or any kind of gift. But the Company itself consists of persons who agree in certain general principles of action, and objects of pursuit, and who can therefore act together in effective and constant unison. These objects of pursuit are, in brief terms, the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation: the Company having thus devoted itself in the conviction that the British nation is at present unhealthy, poor, and likely to perish, as a Power, from the face of the earth. They accordingly propose to themselves the general medicining, enriching, and preserving in political strength of the population of these islands; they themselves numbering, at present, in their ranks about thirty persons—none of them rich, several of them sick, and the leader of them, at all events, not likely to live long."

Events have shown that Ruskin was wrong in the details of his political forecast. But how real the danger was to him will be seen from the following sentences taken out of a letter to a girl who had become a member of the Guild. The first referred to a strike then going on, and is dated March 21, 1875:

"Of course the men are in the right. The masters have been villainous slave-masters, and their slaves are just finding out their strength. And there will be such 'emancipation' as your evangelical friends little dream of. 'For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. But this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.'"

And on January 14, 1875, he wrote:

"You don't in the least believe me, I see, that revolution is coming, and that men can no more go on living as they

do now than before the great French revolution. I do not know how far I am myself to have a hand in it. I mean, if I live at all. It is not in the least clear to me at present what my duty is. Meantime, I am describing bumble bees, and determining—which isn't easy—whether they should be called humble or bumble, and can't write more to-day."

We do not look for a revolution now, because we begin to recognise that it has come. In the phrase "We are all Socialists to-day" one hears the note of as marvellous a revolution as that of 1789, and in this revolution John Ruskin has assuredly had more hand than any other one man. His social experiment did *not* regenerate society. England would still have existed "as a Power on the face of the earth" if the thirty or forty Companions of St. George had not banded themselves together to uphold a tottering nation. But the social and ethical teaching, of which that was the outward and visible sign, is bearing fruit a thousandfold to-day wherever the English tongue is spoken, and will probably long survive Ruskin's influence in art.

With the best known result of St. George's Guild—the Museum at Sheffield—this little sketch does not deal. Mr. Ruskin spent much money, much labour, upon the task of gathering together in it precious objects which he thought of educational, as well as of intrinsic, value; and a special interest will always belong to the collection for this reason. Besides the cottages at Barmouth, other property was also given to the Guild, notably a lovely bit of land in Worcestershire, the gift of one of the trustees.

It was at the end of 1874 that Mrs. Talbot, through a mutual friend, made Mr. Ruskin an offer, for St. George's Guild, of twelve or thirteen cottages and a piece of ground at Barmouth. The letters in which the Master accepted the gift have kindly been placed at my service, and seem to me especially interesting, because they show how dear the scheme was to his heart, and with what real delight he welcomed this beginning of success—as it seemed to him. It is evident that, in spite of ridicule and indifference, he still believed in his own gospel of social salvation, and that he would be able to carry it through to practical and demonstrable issue.

The letters show also, with pathetic eloquence, that the terrible illness, which only two years later put an end to his capacity for the leadership of such an undertaking, was already threatening, already crippling, his powers of active work. When the apparent failure of St. George's Guild is pointed at as another instance of the uselessness of Utopian ideals, and of the impracticability of men of genius, it ought not to be forgotten that at the very moment when his hand was most needed at the helm, the Master was struck down, and that the little craft was left captainless in the midst of the waves and winds.

I give the letters, or parts of them, in chronological order:



"10th December, '74.

"My dear Madam,—I meant to send the enclosed to Mr. M—, but for fear of his not being at home in time I ventured to address it at once to you, with most true thanks for the kind expressions and intentions of your letter—on which I only fear to presume too far.

"J. RUSKIN."

The following was the letter enclosed :

"My dear M—, —I have been able now to read Mrs. Talbot's letter—it seems the kindest, and most wonderful, and most pretty beginning for us that could be—and there's not the slightest fear of the St. George's Company ever parting with an inch of anything they get hold of!—if that is indeed the only fear in the question—but do I rightly understand this letter as an offer to us of a piece of freehold land, with cottages on it—as a gift! Don't send this note if I misunderstand—but if I am right please enclose it to Mrs. Talbot with yours—for there is no spot in England or Wales I should like better to begin upon in *any* case."



A ST. GEORGE'S COTTAGE.

The next may be given in full :

"December 15, '74.

"Herne Hill, S.E. London.

"My dear Madam,—Again I have been, to my great vexation, prevented from at once replying to your most kind and important letter. The ground and houses which you offer me are exactly the kind of property I most wish to obtain for the St. George's Company: I accept them at once with very glad thanks, and will endeavour soon to come and see them, and thank you and your son in person.

"No cottagers shall be disturbed—but, in quiet and slow ways, assisted—as each may deserve or wish to better their own houses in sanitary and comfortable points. My principle is to work with the minutest possible touches—but with steady end in view—and by developing as I can the energy of the people I want to help.

"I will write more to your son if possible to-morrow, but am still heavily overworked.

"Always gratefully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

A letter under date "29th Jan., '75," is chiefly occupied with legal arrangements, but the following passage is also of interest :

"If indeed any doubt could exist respecting the usefulness to us of your gift, I would myself at once follow your kind suggestion and come down to Barmouth. But there is

no question at all. *Any* land, *any* building, offered me I would take, but these are just the kind and in the kind of place I should like best. But I am strangely out of sorts and unable for my work this Christmas, and have been more



TILL RECENTLY THE OLDEST INHABITANT'S COTTAGE.

like taking to my bed, like Canon Kingsley, than coming to begin the St. George's work. And I am resolved on one thing now in my advanced time of life—never to overstrain when I'm tired."

In the next letter the same note is sounded. The date is February 3, 1875 :

"I am especially grateful for the kind feelings expressed in your letter just now; for, of course, my present work makes many old friends shy of me; and many faithful ones are mostly gone—where faith will be rewarded—I hope.

"The feeling of exhaustion is thus so complicated with quite inevitable form of sorrow or disappointment that I scarcely know how far to receive it as definite warning—but I will assuredly rest all I can—without proclaiming myself invalid. Your solicitor will, I doubt not, require explanation of the nature of St. George's Company, such as can be put in legal documents. If no simple form—such as 'The St. George's Company, formed under the direction or directorship of J. R., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for the education of English peasantry'—will stand in law, you must just transfer the land straight to *me* without verbal restraint, and trust me to do right with it?"



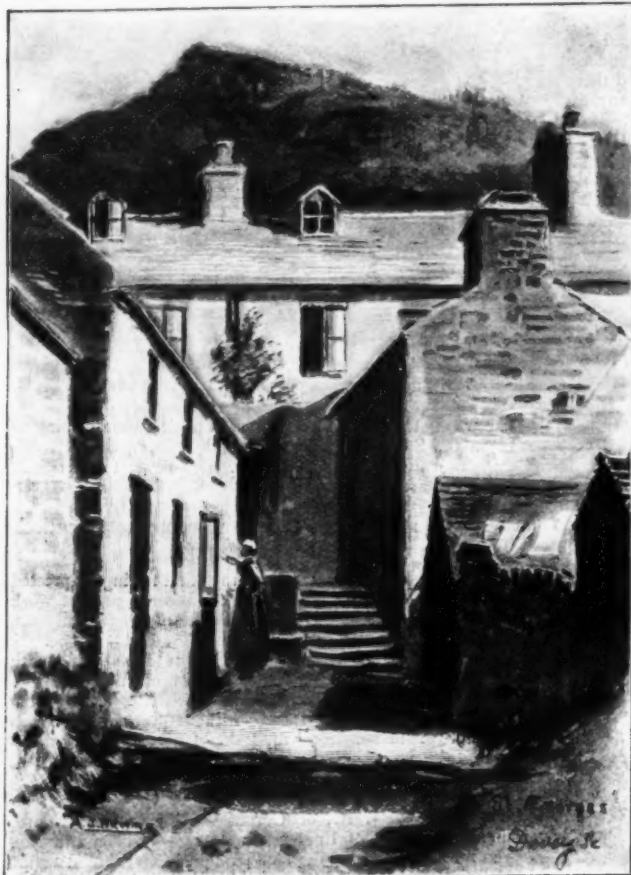
"CAPREPA."

The last sentence I shall quote is from a letter dated July 18, 1875 :

"I am profoundly grateful for your kind letter—and have great pleasure in receiving—signed with your name—the first monies paid as rental to the St. George's Company."

This matter of rental was one upon which Mr. Ruskin's law was inflexible. In the seventy-ninth number of "Fors" he says :

"It is taken first as the acknowledgment of the authority of the Society over the land, and in the amount judged by the Master to be just, according to the circumstances of the



person and place, for the tenant to pay as a contribution to the funds of the Society. The tenant has no claim to the return of the rent in improvements on his ground or his house; and I order the repairs at Barmouth as part of the Company's general action, not as return of the rent to the tenants."

Punctuality of payment (except in urgent cases of sickness or distress) is always insisted upon; and it is interesting to state that, since the passing of this rule, when the cottages were given to the Guild, only one tenant has been dismissed in consequence of unpunctuality in paying rent.

Many of the tenants are the same now as in 1875; and it is pleasant to hear the pride with which they will speak of "my cottage" as a home—not as a mere temporary dwelling-place.

Mrs. Talbot is, by the Master's wish, in absolute control of the property. Year by year, any little improvement which can add to the

comfort of the cottagers is carried out under her orders; a larger window here, a new fireplace there, an extra room contrived, as the children begin to grow up. But the chief aim is to keep the cottages at the original low rentals, so that the poor may be able to stay in their old homes; and nothing is done to change the entirely cottage character of the dwellings. Of course, no tenant would be accepted unless of good character; and the knowledge that rent must be paid punctually, that no real discomfort or inconvenience will be overlooked—if it can be remedied—and that each one is personally known, cared for in sickness and helped in any difficulty, is an immense incentive to good conduct. The pretty warm gifts of clothing and coal at Christmas, and the tea and cake to celebrate the Master's birthday on February 8, are trifles in themselves, but they help to "ring out the feud of rich and poor," and bring on the golden age. All the tenants have heard of Mr. Ruskin; most of them saw him when he came to Barmouth to visit his new property in the summer of 1876. A portrait of him hangs on the wall of one of the prettiest of the cottages, where, at the time of his visit, lived an old man and his wife. From some resemblance to the Italian hero this old man was commonly known as "Garibaldi." He was proud of the name, and called his cottage "Caprera." He was a scholar, and had read some of Mr. Ruskin's books, once passing judgment upon them in the following words: "Yes, Mr. Ruskin says some very good things. But it is a pity he does not write better English, for then I could understand it better."

His widow lives on alone in the old cottage. A smaller one would do better for her; but she tells you, with tears in her eyes, that she loves the little place where William and she lived for twenty-eight years, and it would break her heart to leave it. It stands quite alone, on a circular ledge of rock. A low wall in front of the tiny bit of ground cuts against the sea when you are in the kitchen and look through the deep-set window; and when the old woman sits outside with her sewing on sunny afternoons—or if her sailor son comes to see her, and does a bit of mending or patching on the bench under the window—it is as private as in an enclosed garden.

A little lower than this cottage is a one-roomed dwelling. It looks very pretty sometimes, when the window is open, the sea and the mountains filling up the space, the sunshine falling across the plant in the broad window-sill, and lighting the open cupboard in the corner with its brilliant array of china

cups and jugs. In front of the large old-fashioned chimney corner stands a little round table; and probably the tenant herself is seated by it, knitting (sewing I should have said a few months ago, but her sight is failing), and is delighted to have a chat with a visitor, and proud when her neat little home is admired. There is much kindness of heart in these hot-tempered Welsh people. It was a real joy to this poor woman to give away a blue-and-white china plate, which she said was one of the first china "sets" that ever came into Barmouth, and had been brought by her grandfather, a seaman; and an old pair of sugar-tongs (age being the test of value in her eyes) which had belonged to her mother.

But the most interesting tenant of St. George's Cottages was M. Auguste Guyard, who, at the time of Mr. Ruskin's visit to Barmouth, was living at Rock Terrace, in the house now occupied by Mr. A. J. Hewins, the artist (whose illustrations accompany this paper). M. Guyard was a remarkable man, and had lived an eventful life. It was a strange fate which brought him from Paris, from a circle of literary and philosophical friends, to end his days in a remote Welsh village, doctoring his poor neighbours, teaching Welsh peasant women to make vegetable soups, and trying by experiments to discover which herbs and trees would grow best in his rocky mountain ground, and best resist the storms from the Atlantic that often swept across his terraced gardens.

He had been a reformer, an experimenter, a philanthropist, all his life. In the "*gentil petit village*" of Froty-lez-Vesoul, where he was born, he had tried to carry out a plan of social reform, and to establish a *commune modèle*, which in conception and motive, and often even in small details, closely resembled the ideal Mr. Ruskin set before himself in the Guild of St. George, many years later.

M. Guyard's best-known and most charming work, "*Lettres aux Gens de Froty*," describes these social experiments. Unfortunately they met with the usual fate of social experiments. Somehow the world has a trick of working out its social evolution in its own blundering way—not in the way philanthropists and idealists

prescribe for it. M. Guyard—who was an educationalist first of all, though he was much more—soon roused the jealousy and hostility of the Roman Church, and it became impossible for him to continue the beneficent work he had begun in face of the implacable enmity of the priesthood. After two years' labour, during which brief time very remarkable results had been accomplished towards the formation of the "model commune," the opposition of the priests put an end to the "*Œuvre de Froty*," from which he had hoped so much.

M. Guyard was intimate with all the eminent men of his time and country. Men of letters, poets, painters, politicians, and even bishops



formed the circle of his associates; while such men as Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas (*père*), Victor Hugo, Jérôme, Emile Deschamps, could be counted among his close friends.

His daughter remembers being taken as a child to see Lamartine—on his weekly reception



day. He was then an invalid, and was lying on a couch, surrounded by numerous cats, and seven or eight greyhounds of all sizes. The fact that most impressed the child about the great man was that he had most beautiful white hands.

Love of animals has almost invariably been a characteristic of notable men. When Victor Hugo went into exile he left to the tender care of M. and Mme. Guyard his well-beloved white Persian cat, which they treasured for many years—M. Guyard, as will be seen, having a remarkable power of sympathising with and gaining the confidence of animals.

It was not only in his own country that M. Guyard was known and appreciated by those whose appreciation is worth having. When living at Barmouth he kept up a friendly correspondence with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta. Dean Stanley was greatly interested in many of his ideas; and though the two men never met, frequent letters passed between them up to the time of the Dean's death.

Being so widely known, and having so many influential friends in the highest circles of Parisian life, it seems strange that M. Guyard's enlightened and philanthropic work failed to receive the rewards which France is so ready to bestow upon her public-spirited sons. But the air was full of troubles. Educational movements were looked upon with suspicion by both Church and State. Napoleon III was no friend to "model communes" and Utopian dreamers; and then, as ever, funds were required to reform ever so small a corner of the world. In 1865 M. Guyard seems to have been compelled to give up active work for Froty; and in 1870 the war between France and Germany broke out. When Paris was besieged the women and old people were requested to leave the city if possible, and M. Guyard and his daughters came to England. The cottage at Barmouth, No. 2 Rock Terrace, was offered to him as a refuge, and gladly accepted; and there he lived until his death in 1882.

M. Guyard, with the wisdom of the true philosopher, quickly adapted himself to his new environment. He knew scarcely any English, but soon established pleasant relations with his neighbours, and is still gratefully remembered for his kindness and skill in cases of illness, medicine being one of his many hobbies.

Behind the narrow terrace where the two best houses belonging to the Guild stand looking out seawards over chimney-pots and roofs, rise a series of tiny terraced gardens, connected by steps cut in the rock, or built of rough stones, from one level to another. To cultivate these gardens soon became the chief occupation and delight of the old exile. Day by day his tall, thin figure could be seen, clad in a long grey coat, with a red fez upon his white hair, as he climbed the steep steps from one terrace

to another, accompanied by his devoted dog "Cara"—a lovely, gentle creature of the collie tribe, with long brown-and-white hair, small in size, of a loving nature and marvellous intelligence. So great was the affection between master and dog, that M. Guyard's daughters—who had left home—used to speak of "their sister Cara" as the favourite. M. Guyard had a wonderful gift for taming animals. One summer he had tamed a hawk and a jackdaw.



A TERRACE IN THE GARDEN.

They used to roost together at night on a perch he had fixed up inside his bedroom window, and fly about during the day. When he went out and clapped his hands they would quickly answer the signal.

It was wonderful what the skill and industry of the philosopher-gardener produced out of the various little plots of ground under his care. Vegetables never failed, in plenty, all the year round. Willows still wave their graceful branches where he planted them on ledges of the mountain-side; here and there a little copse of thorn and birch trees relieves the bare rock; patches of wild strawberry and beds of sweet violets show traces of his handiwork. The illustrations will give a better idea than it is possible to convey in words, of the nature of the ground upon which he had to work.



His knowledge of the herbs of the field was as that of Solomon. One knew that if any question arose about plant or animal, geological formation or historical events—theological, physiological, or etymological dispute—it might be referred to him for settlement. It has never chanced to me to meet anyone possessed of such varied and extensive knowledge. He

much in common: belief in the high destiny of mankind; the generous enthusiasms and aspirations that prompt to self-devotion; and, above all, the practical conviction that in flying from cities and luxurious lives, and in leading laborious days combined with the education of heart and mind, the perfect way was to be found.

"These things which I am but now discover-



THE EXILE'S GRAVE.

was a born teacher too, and was patient and gentle with the ignorant. The good of humanity was his ideal, and he never lost his enthusiasm for the deep convictions to which he had given the best of his life.

It will be easily understood that when Mr. Ruskin visited the newly acquired property of St. George, the French philosopher and philanthropist won his heart. The two had

ing and trying to teach, *you* knew and taught when I was a child," exclaimed the Master, happy to find in one of his new tenants a sympathetic and appreciative admirer. When Mr. Ruskin was leaving Barmouth it happened that M. Guyard was ill in bed, and he was asked to go to the bedroom to bid farewell. After some talk, they parted, the English Professor affectionately bending down to kiss

the French Reformer—akin in soul, though so far apart in circumstance, these two men, who never met again.

Soon afterwards Mr. Ruskin was struck down by illness, and never took any further practical steps towards carrying out his schemes of social reform. But M. Guyard lived his theory in daily practice, working with his hands to enrich and beautify the earth; teaching whenever or wherever he could, and setting forth the true philosophic life. He did not return to Paris, except to bring away his belongings; and after some years obtained a promise that when his work was over he might be laid in a spot he had chosen on the mountain, enclosed by Mrs. Talbot's boundary wall, 150 feet above his little house. From this spot one looks down over the steep, half-wild gardens, where he had toiled, far away to the wide stretch of sea—to the long level headland of Llwyngwril—to the all-embracing sky—typical, he may have thought, of his laborious life swallowed up in the vastness of eternity. And when the time came, hither he was carried, one summer's day, up the difficult hill-side—the little procession only able to walk one by one along the narrow path. A clergyman of the Church of England who had been his pupil willingly conducted the simple service, and a small group of villagers and strangers, gathered upon the open mountain above the enclosed ground, looked down upon the scene as the mourners laid him "in sure and certain hope" in the grave hewn out of the solid rock. Huge blocks of stone were afterwards placed upon the grave, and over them grow trailing ivy, periwinkle, and cotoneaster, tended by friendly hands. At the head of the grave on a stone are inscribed, under his name and the dates of his birth and death, the following lines, which he dictated for this purpose to his daughter, the day before his death:

"Ci-gît un Semeur qui  
Sema jusqu'au tombeau

Le Vrai, le Bien, le Beau  
Avec Idolatrie  
A travers mille combats  
De la plume et des bras.  
Tels travaux en ce monde  
Ne se compensent pas."

A thorn hedge, blown out of shape by the rough winds from the sea, protects the headstone, and beyond spread sea and sky.

Looking landwards, a magnificent crag of hoary, heather-clad rock rises immediately outside the wall, and all round break away the fine mountain masses, as grand in their way as the wide seascape.

Nowhere could a great soul feel more in harmony with Nature. Low-growing willows and birches, planted by his own hand, make a little shelter about the exile's grave, and beneath them, in spring-time, all the ground is starred with daffodils and primroses; later, with wild strawberry blossom and the blue dog-violet; while later still, the heather bursts into purple bloom, the blackberries hang in clusters against the old stone wall, and the bramble leaves burn scarlet and gold in the autumn sunshine.

"Lofty designs must close in like effects:

Loftily lying,

Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,

Living and dying."

And as we stand by the grave of one who was well content to be laid in foreign earth, the truth is borne to us on the voice of sea and wind—that all who love their fellow-creatures are linked in one bond, stronger than that of creed and race; and the belief is strengthened that no generous impulse—either of him who undertook to change a French village into a *commune modèle*, or of the Master of St. George's Guild, who hoped to save England by an ideal scheme of social life—is fruitless in the final sum of things.

BLANCHE ATKINSON.

## A PROVENÇAL SKETCH.

THE recent death of M. Paul Arène at a little over fifty years of age has revived in France a marked interest in the literary work of this delightful *conteur*. Alphonse Daudet, in his "Lettres de mon Moulin," has scarcely surpassed Paul Arène as a painter of sunny southern pictures and a teller of simple stories free from all apparent effort, and yet gems of literary art. The pure form, the clean-cut precision of language, and the idyllic charm of Paul Arène's *contes* have caused him to be spoken of as a modern Greek. He was simply

a Provençal peasant, who, being born with the mind of a poet, and having an intense love of the scenes of his childhood, only allowed the ancient learning which he afterwards acquired to confirm what was natural to him, and to fortify his artistic intuition by a wide familiarity with letters. In his "Jean des Figues" he has told how he was born under a fig-tree on a day when his parents were harvesting. He would have been a happier man probably had he followed their occupation and remained beneath the blue skies of Provence, with the almond-

trees, the wild figs, the clambering vines, and the joyous cicadas that he loved so much; but there was in his mind that which would not combine with the peasant's lot. He strove to enter the intellectual life by one of the lower doors opened to ambition by the University of France, and succeeded, no doubt beyond his earlier expectations, yet he died a prematurely worn-out and a disappointed man. Although a licentiate of letters, his "schoolmastering"—to use Carlyle's contemptuous but concise expression—did not go beyond the position of a *répétiteur*, or preceptorial drudge in a public school, but it enabled him to live while he patiently bored the rock that separated him from the recognition of his fellow men as one who had a message worth delivering in the form of literature. But he never really reached the great public. He excelled in fashioning cameos of delicate beauty, and these only. A few readers carried their admiration to enthusiasm, but the crowd remained indifferent. The incessant struggle of Paul Arène's life having at length ceased, we now hear of statues to be raised in different places to his memory. The best known of his *contes* is "La Chèvre d'Or." The following is a translation of a shorter one, the scene of which is also laid in Provence:

"LES BRAVES GENS" ("GOOD FOLK").

As the silkworms had turned out badly, that good woman Madame Peyrolles happened to be in a rather sharp humour, and M. Peyrolles, with a spirit of resignation, listened as she repeated "Ave Maria!" without daring to offer a remark.

"Ten pounds of cocoons!" sighed Madame Peyrolles. "Not so much as the worth of the eggs. Who could buy a shawl with that?"

"Never mind, Ambrosine, you will buy one next year. Twelve months soon go by."

"Who has ever seen next year? Only one thing is certain, and it is that I shall not have the shawl this year. And yet I had reckoned upon it!"

Madame Peyrolles having lapsed into silence again, M. Peyrolles, thinking that the weather had calmed, picked up a nail and his pruning-knife with the intention of taking a turn in the garden. Madame Peyrolles stopped him. "Do leave the trees alone! You will have time enough to-morrow to disfigure them. Before it was meddled with, the old espalier always bore fruit, but since that great savant from Paris passed through Cantepèrdrix and delivered that famous lecture at the club, and since we have subscribed to the 'Revue d'arboriculture,' and you, deep in your methods, your grafts, your fruit-buds and other buds, have been snipping and chopping, I have not known the taste of a pear."

Hurt by this philippic, the justice of which he was secretly obliged to admit, M. Peyrolles put down the pruning-knife, while Madame Peyrolles returned to her grievance.

"So much trouble, and all for nothing! For

the last two months we have been killing ourselves, working night and day with Scholastique, to whom I promised my old shawl when I should have the new one, and who all next winter will have to wear her pelisse of Indienne at the seven o'clock mass. First the silkworms were in too great a hurry to come out of their eggs. They appeared a week too soon, before there was any green on the mulberries. Every morning we had to pick leaves from the brambles along the ditches like a couple of gypsies. There are scratches on my fingers still. Then, when after their second sleep they all of a sudden looked sad, who was it, at the risk of tumbling down, gathered on the castle rocks the lavender and marjoram needed for fumigating them? And what bother there was besides! At last they seemed to be going on all right, my silkworms were at the end of their third sleep—bright as gold, fat, transparent, and full of silk. Already they were climbing up the twigs of heather; the bravest of them were even spinning, fixing their threads to the right and left, when that storm broke. After the first thunderclap I saw the poor creatures come down to die. What a disaster! Scholastique cried, and I had a mind to do the same."

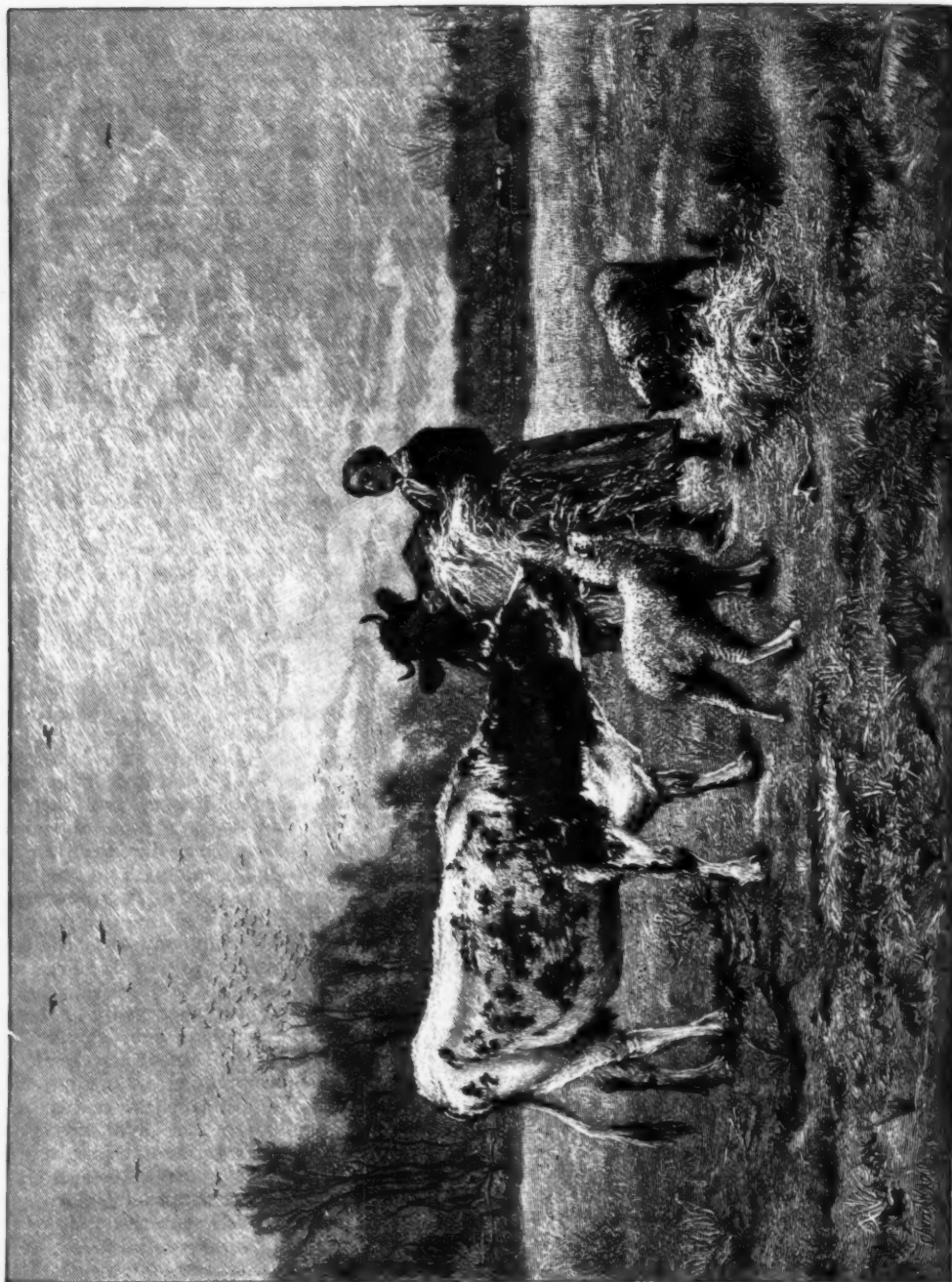
M. Peyrolles' heart was touched. To brace up his courage he had to take a double pinch out of his tortoise-shell snuff-box. For some seconds he and Madame Peyrolles looked at one another in silence.

M. and Madame Peyrolles, or M. Victrice and Madame Ambrosine, as they were familiarly spoken of in the locality, were in the fullest sense of the term old-fashioned people. Although very old (Charles x was still reigning when they were married) they were nevertheless in good health. They had a little independence derived from very small *rentes*, but such as in days gone by would have been accounted a fortune. Really poor now, they were not aware of it, for they had grown old without creating for themselves any of the needs of the new society. And they were happy after the manner of fifty years ago in their small house in the Grand' Place, where the furniture that had grown dull and faded little by little, and the mirrors that had slowly become tarnished, were of the same unchangeable freshness to them, thanks to the recollection. On each returning April, however, Madame Ambrosine in a high white-washed loft spread out an ounce or two of silkworms' eggs. When the yield was good it enabled the Peyrolles to indulge in a few little luxuries. The rearing of silkworms is not looked upon at Cantepèrdrix as an occupation of the working class, and the old-fashioned and impoverished *bourgeoisie* in this provincial nook liked to increase their income a little in such a way without feeling that they had come down from their station. But alas! Madame Ambrosine's silkworms had not been successful this year.

Suddenly the good face of M. Victrice brightened up.

"How stupid we are! I can buy the shawl





PARIS SALON.]

THE SEASON OF WINTER.

[AFTER A. NUYTENS.]



for you, of course I can. There is our rent from the Jas de Brame-Faim. We have had nothing of it since our poor uncle left us the property, and that was two years ago. At 150 francs a year the total comes to 300 francs without the interest—just the sum that you hoped to get from your cocoons."

As M. and Madame Peyrolles thought over this their spirits rose. How could they have so procrastinated! Why, 300 francs was quite a sum. And they had not so much as seen the face of this *Frédéri*, the farmer.

For a whole week M. and Madame Peyrolles spoke of nothing but the journey. Now it was not altogether easy to reach the domain of Brame-Faim on a hill above the village of Entrepierres, which was itself perched high. The ascent would take four hours, and it would need as much time to return. This meant a whole day's absence. Everything was at length ready. A neighbour lent her donkey and a baker his cart. In this two chairs were firmly moored, and on these M. and Madame Peyrolles placed themselves in the midst of the baggage and provisions accumulated by Scholastique. Said she:

"You will go straight on as far as Entrepierres" (she knew the country), "then you will leave the high road, but anyone will tell you the lane that you must take. You will stop at a spring under an oak for lunch, but as carts cannot go any higher, madame must afterwards mount the donkey. I have placed the pack-saddle at the back of the cart. I wonder if you will be able to saddle the donkey?"

The programme marked out by Scholastique was followed, and after four good hours of uphill work over scrubby and stony ground the travellers reached the Jas perdu de Brame-Faim.

"It is not beautiful!" said Madame Ambroisine, pulling hard at the donkey's bridle so that she might take a good look at the reddish-looking hovel built of pebbles, from the low roof of which a little smoke was rising.

"The wheat is very straggling," remarked M. Victrice. "I can see the crickets running in it."

Here Madame Ambroisine exclaimed "Bah! You cannot expect to have the castle of the Marquis de Carabas for 150 francs a year!"

Assisted by M. Victrice, Madame Ambroisine alighted from the donkey, and, followed by the latter, they moved towards the house. But what they saw there impressed them with such an air of wretchedness that they already felt uncomfortable at the thought of asking for money.

"You will speak first and explain matters, Victrice!"

"I think it would be better for you to do so, Ambroisine!"

At the sight of them, two urchins who were playing on a heap of straw took to their heels. Their mother, who was spinning from her distaff while sitting on the trunk of a tree, now rose.

"You have lost your way? No doubt you want to go to Pierre-Ecrite. It is farther down, near the spring."

Victrice looked at Ambroisine, and Ambroisine looked at Victrice. Neither had the courage to speak. They allowed it to be supposed that they had made a mistake, and that it was Pierre-Ecrite they were looking for.

The woman who was spinning seemed relieved, and said:

"I was afraid at first that you were M. and Madame Peyrolles, because the place here belongs to them, and we owe them some money."

Then she called to her husband:

"You can show yourself, *Frédéri*. It is not what we feared!"

*Frédéri* came down from the loft, followed by the children, whose timid eyes brightened. There was no wine, but he placed before the visitors milk, honey in the comb, walnuts, and apples.

"It is all that we have here," he said, "the ground is so poor. Fortunately the new masters do not worry us to pay. If they did, we should have to put the key under the door. We have never seen these good people, but you must know them, as you are from the town?"

Ambroisine and Victrice said they knew the Peyrolles a little.

By this time the sun was getting low, and they felt that they must come to some decision.

"Speak," whispered Madame Ambroisine.

"No, speak yourself!" said M. Victrice.

Neither of them spoke.

When Madame Ambroisine was seated again upon the donkey, the tenant's wife said to her:

"Perhaps you would not mind doing us a little kindness on your return to the town? It is to carry this from us to that excellent gentleman and that good Madame Peyrolles."

While speaking she held out, with a string already round its legs, a great cock—a lean and sinewy bird that protested loudly against this treatment.

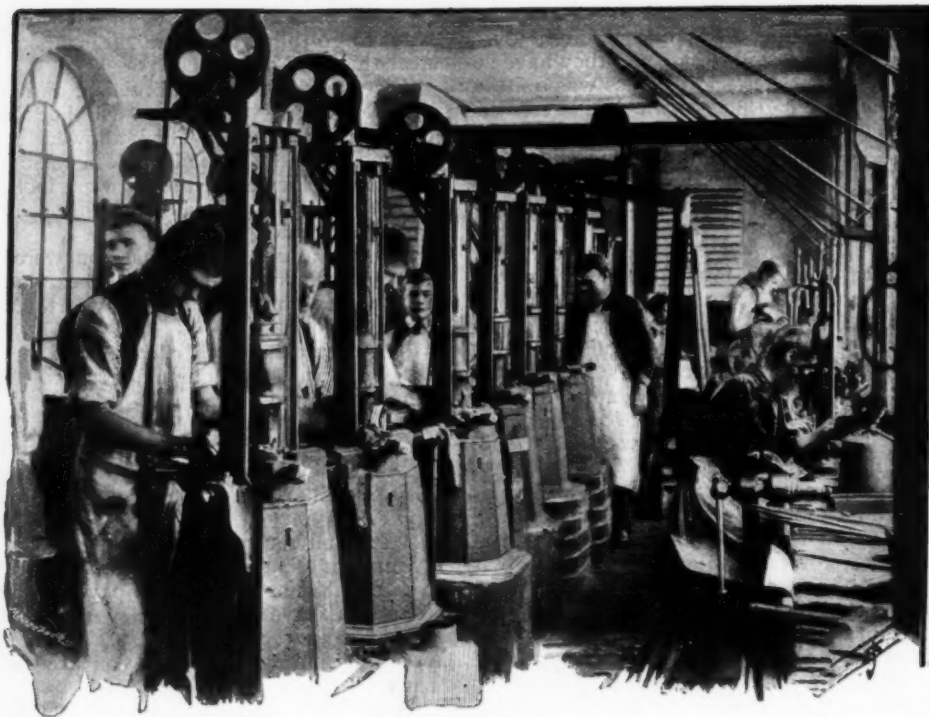
The fowl was fastened to the pack-saddle, and that evening when the two old people made their re-appearance at Cantepedrix, those who were outside the doors said, with just a suspicion of envy:

"Madame Ambroisine and M. Victrice are coming back from Brame-Faim with their rent!"

E. H. B.

## MIDLAND SKETCHES.

### REDDITCH.



STAMPING NEEDLES.

**R**EDDITCH, the needle town, is not as one would expect. Instead of a grimy suburb "near Birmingham," it is a bright little place amid beautiful scenery, thirteen miles away. It began as a few cottages near the abbey on the banks of the yellow Arrow; then it moved half a mile up-hill to the south; and it is still extending to the south as if to keep as far from the black country as possible. Its history—Dr. Page knows all about it—is of purely local interest. It is Red Dyche from the valley in the red marl, down which the Arrow flows on its way from the Lickey to Shakespeare's Avon at Alcester. In 1140, the year before King Stephen was captured at Lincoln, the Empress Matilda, who had married the Plantagenet, and become the mother of Henry II, founded Bordesley Abbey in the meadows—or rather granted a charter which gave her the credit for doing so. The real founder was Waleran de Beaumont, Earl of Worcester, who laid the foundation stone. Homeward bound from the Holy Land, the ship with Waleran on board had been caught in a storm. As the sea and the wind grew, he had vowed that if he were saved he would build an abbey for the white monks. The vessel was wrecked, and Waleran had drifted ashore on a spar. He kept his word and built his abbey, and, after

some experience as an opportunist in politics, became a monk at Praterles, where he died "amid the rejoicings of the angels, in the reign of human redemption MCLXVI." The abbey, a famous one in its day, seems to have worked with Stoneleigh in the promotion of its monks. In it was buried that Earl of Warwick who lives in history as the Black Dog of Arden; all that is left of it besides the foundations underground are a few tiles, now used in the new parish church, tiles of the same pattern as those used in the other Cistercian house of Tintern, with the exception of one, peculiar to Bordesley. Up to 1805 the refectory of this abbey was the parish church, or rather the chapel of the hamlet which was in the parish of Tardebigg; but the houses had moved to the higher ground, and a new church was built on what is now the green, which in 1853 gave place to the present edifice that is the conspicuous centre of the town, and has nothing interesting about it to the archæologist, except the tiles aforesaid, and the fact that it has a chancel higher than its nave. When the chapel in the valley was pulled down a reward of five shillings was offered to the man who threw off the first stone. The bellringer, eager for the prize, seized one of the stone balls which figured among the decorations. It slipped from his hand, went through

the roof, and smashed the effigy of the abbot of Bordesley. An accident not without significance, for with it the old story closed and the new began.

Redditch did not grow much until within the last twenty years, and consequently its houses are mostly new; and attractive houses some of them are, especially the rows of cottages and small villas, which are somewhat miscellaneous in style, so that there are few long monotonous streets with every house like next door, while the undulations of the site give the place a character of its own. Some books tell us it has about 8,000 inhabitants, according to others it has 12,000; but the number depends on whether you take the one parish or the Urban Council District, which includes five parishes and extends into two counties. It has no School Board and no free library, but it has an Institute and School of Art, which the Technical Committee of the town have recently made the headquarters of a system of classes in a few science subjects and practical handicrafts which they hope to extend. Facing the green also is another new and satisfactory building, a cottage hospital with limited accommodation for paying patients, due to the benevolence of the Brothers Smallwood, and besides this there is an old-established nursing association, worked at very small cost, which makes over 7,000 visits a year. Adjoining the institute on the other side is a public hall about ten years old, of no particular attractiveness, and opposite is a fairly new post-office of the sleepy kind, where the pencils are without points and the inkwells dry. Down another street on the side of a hill is a temperance hall, and with that and the few schools and places of worship, among which is a room for "Christians who refuse to be designated," we have practically exhausted the public buildings of Redditch.

**Trades.** It is remarkable that so small a place should turn out so large a quantity of work. Its people say they make twenty-five millions of needles a week, and ten millions of fish-hooks besides other fishing-tackle, and, as the centre of these industries, its supremacy is as yet unchallenged. Of course, it has the inevitable cycle factory, which its directors seem to believe will thrive as it has thriven, for they are, on their own account, building dwellings for their workmen, as on the company's account they extend their works.

Why needles should be made at Redditch nobody seems to know, but they have been made there for a couple of hundred years at least; and every year the trade grows, the hand varieties do not decrease, and the sewing-machines take—and break—more and more. There is one factory employing 800 men and girls, there are others employing from 400 to 600, and there are quite a number of small masters ranging down to very small ones indeed, so that it is difficult to say which is a factory and which is not; and some of the factories are in the town and some in the neighbouring

villages, which, with it, form "the needle district."

#### Needles.

The making of needles is one of those industries in which there is great division of labour. Of late, machines have been introduced that have largely increased the production, but these machines, like those in the watch trade, are mostly mere tools, each adapted for one purpose only, so that the number of stages through which the needle passes remains much the same. Some people aver that there are now only twenty-two stages in the manufacture, while others reckon fifty; but it all depends on what is called a stage, and where you are prepared to stop.

The raw material, so far as Redditch is concerned, is the coil of wire—cast steel wire—which comes from the neighbourhood of Sheffield, from Wordsworth's of Thurgoland, and other well-known firms. And all the best German needles are also still made from wire from Sheffield, in which a large quiet trade is done with the Continent; the only way in which Germany competes with Redditch, if it can be called competition, being in inferior quality stuff with which Redditch is in no way anxious to be identified. In fact, it still suits the leading Redditch firms to have their branches abroad. Messrs. Morris & Yeomans, for instance, whose works we will take as an example, have not only their branches in the colonies, but in Paris, Hamburg, and Neuchatel.

#### The Wire.

The wire arrives in coils, finer gauges running into over a mile in a coil—equal to 50,000 needles, perhaps—and the first stage in the manufacture is the cutting of the wire into lengths of two needles each, the gauges up to No. 14 being cut by shears, the larger sizes being cut in the nipping machine. It does not take long to cut up a coil. The paper is stripped off; a nip with the pliers frees the coil; a twist, and it springs out to twice its diameter as it is hung in the shears, which hang vertically, mouth upwards; a pressure of the foot and body, and the coil is cut through. The hand-gauge is applied to the end of the coil, which is shifted on the shears to fit it; another push, and there is cut off a bundle of steel wires with just the least bit of a curve in them. Bundle after bundle, at the rate of twenty a minute, cut off in this way, soon exhaust the coil. In the larger sizes the coil is hung on a wheel that has big pegs in it, and the wire is fed continuously into the machine, which cuts away merrily nip, nip, nip, as if it were dealing with sugar-sticks; and some of these wires are fairly thick—those, for instance, used for the chisels in the boot machines run up to three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

#### Straightening and Pointing.

The next stage is the straightening. The short lengths of wire are placed loosely in a couple of iron rings, heated in them to a red heat, and rolled to and fro under a file or iron bar in such a way that each wire keeps turning on its own axis until

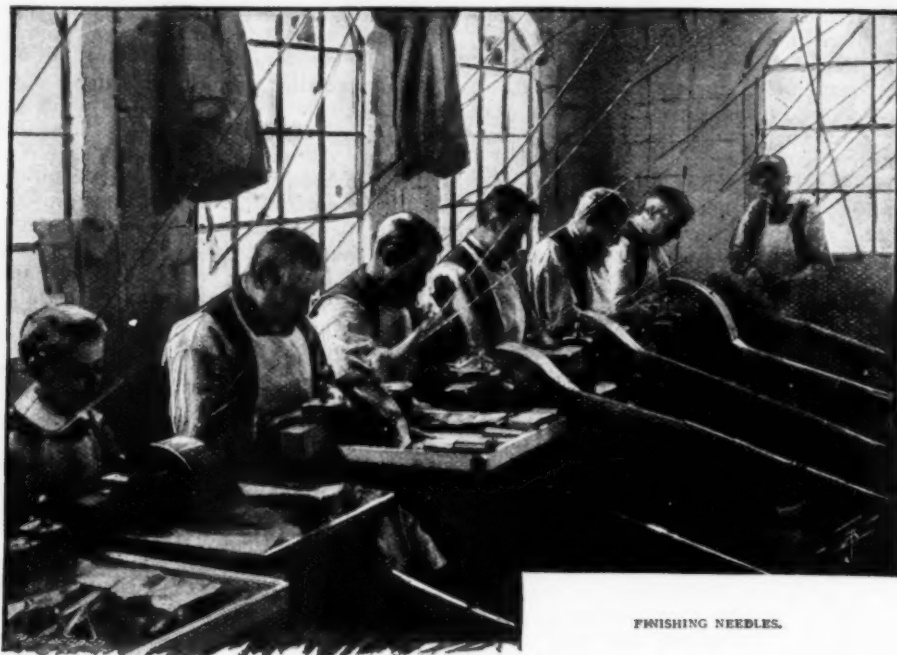


the sound tells the workman there is not a crooked one in the bunch. They are then ready for pointing, and as the future needles are in pairs, the bar has to be pointed at both ends. Pointing used to be done on a hollow grindstone, the workman holding the needles in his hand and rolling them gently between his thumb and finger until the rounded point was obtained. This meant much dust, particles of steel in the throat and chest, and a short and not particularly merry life. Nowadays needles are pointed by a machine, into which they are fed from a trough on to a grindstone in such a way that they pass into a case in which they are rotated on the hollowed stone with the same action as in hand grinding, the dust being drawn away by fans. In many

is filed down the middle, and with a bend or two in the fingers the comb is broken in half, and for the first time we have separate needles.

Hardening and Tempering.

Before the wire is run out of the eyes, the heads are filed round, and then the needles enter on their finishing troubles. First they have to be hardened by being spread on iron plates, cooked in a furnace to a considerable heat, and dropped into a copper of cod-oil, from which they are lifted in a colander that measures a couple of feet across, the odour being imaginable. Then they are washed, and cooked again on a tray to temper them—another delicate operation, as they must just reach the right colour and no more



FINISHING NEEDLES.

cases this pointing, like some of the other processes, takes place in the cottages, for there is still a great deal of out-work in Redditch and the neighbourhood.

The double-pointed bars of steel have now to have their eyes punched in them, and to effect this they are first stamped between hardened steel dies, in which they receive the flat or gutter and the mark for the holes, the blow being struck by a falling weight in much the same fashion as piles are driven. After the stamping comes the piercing of the two oval holes through the marks by means of hardened steel points, and this is followed by spitting the needles on a couple of wires running through their newly made eyes in such a way as to produce what looks like a small-tooth comb. Spitted in this way, they are handed over to be filed at the heads and have the waste caused by the stamping removed from them, and then a nick

Making the Eyes.

"Break! break!" is the motto of the needle-maker. At every stage he breaks to test his work, in a way that would seem wasteful were it not for the thousands in the heaps he handles. A good needle should break, but not too readily, and if it bends it should resume its straightness. Some needles curve slightly in the tempering, and these have to be straightened with taps from a light hammer on a sloping anvil, every needle being tapped until it rolls smoothly down the slope.

Scouring and Finishing.

Hitherto the needles have been black; now their brightening begins. Two or three thicknesses of canvas are laid in a trough, and into the bag thus formed the needles, fifty thousand or more of them, are laid with a knife in such a way that the layers run into each other so as to form what is practically a bar of needles with no weak jointing. On to this bar is spread a mass of soft soap, on to which emery



is dusted, varying in fineness according to the eyes, the coarsest grain being used for the largest holes. Then the canvas is rolled over and tied up so as to form a roly-poly, two of these long puddings being placed in a mangle,



BARBING AND FILING FISH-HOOKS.

and rolled backwards and forwards briskly, half a dozen mangles going in a row from morn to night without a stop. To scour the



WEIGHING AND PACKING FISH-HOOKS.

best needles in this way takes a week—the commoner sorts can be finished in three or four days—and every day the bag is undone and the

contents washed and tied up again in a similar way, to be mangled in similar fashion, a knot being tied in the strings for every day the roll is under treatment, so that on the last day there are three knots in one string and four in the other.

When the needles are scoured enough they receive a final washing, and are arranged with their points all one way, a sorting out often done on a glass plate so sloped that as the needles run down it their heads turn outwards. Then the eyes are taken in hand and cleaned with thread and emery or have a corrugated wire run through them and worked as a round file would be; and after this the eyes are blued, and the needles examined in two or three different ways, and those that pass as good enough are ground and polished, and burnished and finished, in a series of processes that begin on a fair-sized grindstone and end with a small leather spindle and polishing paste.

Such are the varieties. chief points in

the history from the wire upwards of the ordinary sewing needle; but there are varieties on varieties besides: there are glover's needles, that are flat with a bayonet point, packing needles with a curve, upholsterer's needles half a foot long, needles that are nearly all point, and needles that have no point at all, to say nothing of the crowd of sewing-machine needles, in some of which the groove has to be cut by a tiny circular saw a hundredth of an inch in thickness.

Fashion, of course, is not without its influence on a trade like this, and new branches open out from time to time. At Morris & Yeomans' there is a department all by itself for the manufacture of those long steel pins that ladies now fix their hats on with, these being merely eyeless needles with glass tops. And very interesting it is to watch the little glass bead formed from the rod, and twirled on to the pin, and changing from pink to black as it cools.

In the packing—for Redditch not only does its own packing, but all its box-making and much of its printing—there are many ingenuities in a small way. For instance, the machine in which needles are counted or sorted by being run into grooves that will take so many and no more, and the machine in which they are stuck into paper in which the bars make the crease as if in a folder, would be hard to beat for simplicity and effectiveness.

Fishing-Tackle.

But Redditch is not all needles; it is in these days quite as famous for its fishing-tackle. The first factory you see as you enter it by railway is

that of Messrs. Samuel Allcock & Co., who are the largest makers of hooks and tackle in the world. As you look out of the train you

Of course, the tackle began with the hooks, and the hooks were an offshoot of the needles—in fact, there is a legend of the first fish-hook



FINISHING FISHING-RODS (VARNISHING, ETC.)

fancy you are passing a timber yard, and it comes rather as a surprise to find that the timber is merely seasoning for fishing-rods.

maker in these parts, a certain Mr. Tolley, who started at Sambourne, some three miles out, to whom by apprenticeship the oldest of the Redditch firms can trace back the trade.

**Hooks.** Fish-hooks, like needles, are made of Sheffield steel

wire cut by the shears into suitable lengths, and straightened if necessary; but each hook is made separately, and is barbed before it is pointed. Barbing does not take long; a few short lengths of wire are laid side by side on a flat bed, and pushed against a vertical stop, while a hollow-ground knife is pressed against them, cutting a notch near the future point just deep enough and turned up enough to give the required angle. The pointing follows, done on a block of boxwood with a hand file, three or four strokes giving cutting edges that ease the hook in more quickly than if its point were rounded like that of a needle. Bending comes next, the point being held in a slit, and the hook curved round by hand. It seems easy, but when it is remembered that there are two hundred different sorts of hooks, each having from twenty to thirty different sizes, some as big as the biggest in a larder, and some that go ten thousand, and in one case twenty thousand, to an ounce, it will be seen that there is rather more in this bending than might be supposed.

Then the other ends of the hooks are ringed, or flatted, or marked, or pointed,



GRINDING CORK FOR FLOATS.

or knobbed, as may be required ; then comes the hardening, wherein the hooks are heated in a furnace and plunged into an oil-bath—a more striking process with them than with needles, for even when the needles are so hot that you seem to see through them they always look like needles, while the hooks are in a tangled mass that seems to live as it glows. When the hooks come from the oil, they are as brittle as glass, and tempering to toughen them immediately follows. Here again they have to be cooked to a turn, and each variety of hook requires a turn of its own, or the result is disaster ; but instead of being subjected to the direct action of the furnace, they are mixed with heated sand and placed over the fire in an iron pan. Duly tempered, they are ready to be scoured, being for that purpose placed in long barrels revolving horizontally, of which a group takes up the whole side of a wall. Here, amid water and soap, and so on, they are spun over and over for a couple of days, when they are moved on to the cleaning barrels, which are tilted at half a right angle, in which they are danced about in sawdust until they are ready for the finishing, when they are blued, or tinned, or japanned, or browned, or greened, or yellowed, or reddened, or what not, to suit the fads of the specialists in some particular fish in some particular water ; and finally they are picked up on a knife and counted and packed in hundreds and thousands ready for distribution.

Rods. Rods are not as various as hooks, but there is quite enough variety about them to please the reasonable. What with deal, hickory, lancewood, hazel, greenheart, cedar, ash, and snake-wood, to say nothing of the canes and et ceteras, one would think that Allcocks were cabinet-makers rather than rod-makers. Some of the processes are unexpectedly rapid. You turn a butt, for instance, in less than half a minute. The bed along which the rest travels slopes inwards according to the taper ; the length of greenheart or what not is placed in the chuck, and along it travels the tool which in five-and-twenty seconds converts the square bar into a tapered bottom joint. In workmanship and finish there are no rods to beat those of split cane. For the top joints of these, strange as it may appear, the largest bamboos, six inches and more in diameter, are used, but then it is a thin strip of the flinty exterior only that is of service ; and how thin these strips are may be guessed from the fact that it takes six of them round a corrugated steel wire to give a satisfactory top. The planing of these sections,

as, indeed, those throughout the rod, so as to get the edges true, and build up a tapering hexagon, requires no mean skill, nor does the in-laying of the cane sections in the cedar butt-piece. Some of the fly-rods are beautiful examples of strength, elasticity, recovery, lightness, and balance combined ; many of them do not weigh nine ounces, and some weigh but six. Of course, these are trout rods ; salmon rods are bound to be heavier. We must not, however, lose ourselves among rod-building in all branches. Suffice it to say that it is a large and increasing trade, as is all this tackle business, for angling has been going ahead like all other outdoor pastimes, and that not only amongst ourselves, but among foreigners—the French especially—and the exports are greater every year.



MAKING SALMON FLIES

Reels. Reel-making is another interesting branch, using many more materials than would at first be thought of ; for, in addition to the familiar hard woods and brass and steel, gun-metal, bell-metal, silver, aluminium, ebonite, and xylonite find a place in the newest patterns. One of these patterns

with a skeleton wheel runs so easily that it seems to be almost frictionless; and another



PAINTING FLOATS.

has a spindle run upon steel centres supported by strong springs in such a way as to revolve free from the handle, while a turn of the milled rim brings the handle into play, and the reel becomes an ordinary check-winch.

**Floats.** Of floats there are scores—floats of wood, of cork, of celluloid, of aluminium, of glass, of porcupine, swan, goose, and other quills; and they vary in size from the almost invisible up to four-inch pike floats, and even larger sizes for the American and foreign markets. The cork comes from Spain in big bales that weigh little. The sheets are cut into squares and bored with a hot iron; into the hole comes the spindle on which they are turned in the lathe, where, with a tool held slopingly, they are cut to shape almost as fast as they can be looked at; then they are ground on a grindstone, and puttied, and plugged, and painted, and varnished, and, after twenty-one operations in all, are ready for use.

**Gut.** As cork comes from Spain, so does the gut, which is of such importance to the tackle-maker that Allcocks have their own factory for it in Murcia. Of course it comes from silkworms, not from sheep, and in the Spanish villages the larvæ are reared on frameworks of cane placed along one side of the living-room of the cottages, where they are fed on white mulberry-leaves

five times a day, until they are preparing to spin the cocoon. Then they are killed and pickled, and broken in half, and the yellow sacs thus exposed within them are seized by their ends and pulled out as long as they will go. The longer the gut, the more valuable it is; some of that used for salmon-casts is worth as much as £20 a thousand lengths. Of the washing, and bleaching, and polishing we need say nothing. The gut reaches Redditch in hanks of a hundred tied up in bundles of a thousand and ten thousand; and to make it as little visible as possible, it is here drawn through tiny holes in a steel plate, thus becoming what we call "drawn gut," and the French call "English gut."

**Sundries.** Some of the minor matters are worth a note, such as the making of swivels, stamped and finished as needles are; the splitting of shot by rolling them down a trough in which there is a small hole through which they drop on to a circular knife; and the plaiting the lines and dressing them—the latter a long process, for it takes six months to waterproof a good line, and six months more to season it. Then there are the artificial baits, with their spoons, and spinners and shells, and worms, and frogs, and shrimps, and grasshoppers, fishes and bees, built up of wood, paper, celluloid, silk, fish-skin, indiarubber, quill, horn, pearl, silver, copper, brass, tin, aluminium, and a dozen other things—really



MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

one wonders at the trouble that is taken to beguile the poor victim with a dummy.

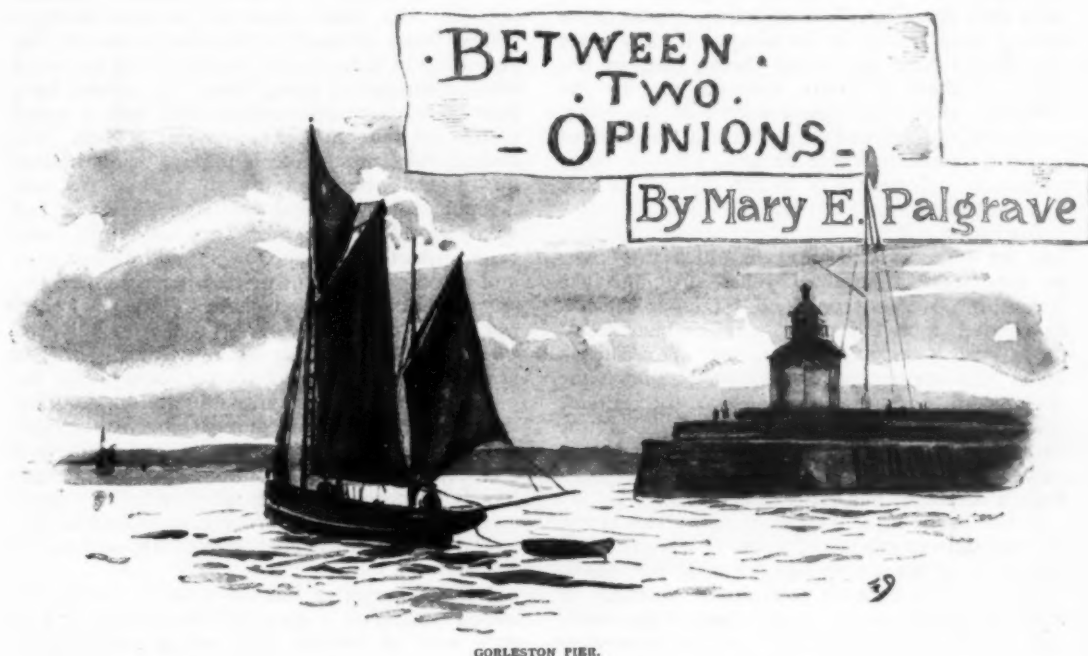
**Artificial Flies.** And lastly, there are the rooms where the girls are at work in that miniature millinery, artificial-fly making—turn-



ing out marvels of nattiness not in the least like nature, but doubtless irresistible to fish owing to their workmanship, to the beauty of which surely not even a trout could be indifferent! At first sight we could imagine ourselves at a bird-stuffer's. Not only silk and fur, hareskin, ratskin, and sealskin, but birds from all regions are put under contribution, and the benches are bright with the plumage of

the game-cock and the peacock, the jay, the starling, the swan, the guinea-fowl, the pheasant and the jungle-fowl, the bustard, the eagle, the Indian crow, the toucan, and the macaw. And that is a collection we certainly did not expect to come across when we first caught sight of the timber-yard at the needle town.

W. J. GORDON.



#### CHAPTER I.—A DAMP INTRODUCTION.

**G**ORLESTON is one of those places which has recently had the misfortune to be discovered, by the world of holiday-seekers, as a seaside resort. Formerly it was just a fishing village at the mouth of the "Yarmouth river," with a big flint church set on the sandy hill, and a straggling street of red brick cottages, with here and there a more pretentious house among them, running down from the higher land to the sea. The charm of the place, over and above the perpetual charm of the salty, vigorous, pungent air, lies in its royal expanse of sands—sands stretching away southwards in a broad yellow band, made new every day by the racing in and out over them of the strong tides of the North Sea—and in its river side, skirting the south bank of the Yare. The wharves there are strewn with boats, festooned with nets, and piled

with lobster-pots, cork floats, and all the other delicious tarry lumber that pertaineth to a sea-going people; and the rippled breast of the river is continually alive with the passing up and down of steamers, fishing boats, small yachts, and other craft.

Gorleston pier is one of the best places in England for breathing in the smell and taste of the sea. It is no hideous, spider-legged, spick-and-span erection at which you pay a penny to go on and twopence when the band is going to play. It is, rather, a growth of generations, and looks as fitting and spontaneous a termination to the spit of sandy shore from which it springs as if Nature had fashioned it herself. We pass from the gravelly, grassy, net-strewn area of the wharves to the weather-beaten soppy planks of the pier, almost without noticing the difference, and—picking our steps between lumber of all sorts—make our way to the pier-head, where a miniature lighthouse

carries aloft the light which marks the harbour's mouth and a disused capstan witnesses to the day when vessels used to be dragged in over the bar by the sheer force of brawny arms, to the tune of tramping feet and long-drawn cries of "Yo-ho-o-o-o-o!"

It is a fine thing to stand at the pier-head, as near to the edge as one dare, and watch the meeting of river and sea—especially when the tide is high and when there has been rain over Norfolk and Suffolk, so that a big volume of water is pouring down the Yare, from Breydon Water and its other inland feeders. Then the conflict between the strong yellow river and the mighty green sea, as they meet upon the bar at the harbour's mouth, is something grand and terrible to see. The huge, grey-green billows, with their foaming, fizzling, snowy crests, come rolling majestically in, looking as if they must and would bear all before them; but, in the midst of their progress, they are met by the swaying, chopping, tawny waves of the river, which charge against them, hurling themselves up their imperturbable fronts, till the huge monsters curl over and break, and all is riot and confusion—an inextricable mêlée.

Gorleston still has its golden shore untouched, and its wharves and pier are much the same as they were a hundred years ago; but the "visitor" (we say not the "tripper"! ) has descended upon the place, and for his accommodation a large new quarter of red-brick villas has sprung up on the fields above the town, and come pouring down the hillside towards the sea. The old fishing village is now like a dry and antique kernel imbedded in a newer shell; and its old-world look, as seen from a distance, has sadly vanished.

A few years ago, at the time of my story, this mushroom growth of houses had only lately begun, and had not spread far over the fields. There were but some half-dozen terraces of small lodging-houses, on the crest of the sandy cliff, in which the "visitors" of Gorleston were accustomed to locate themselves; and the pier, towards sunset, was as quiet and deserted a place as you could wish to find.

One lovely summer evening the only two people to be seen there were a girl, sitting reading on a pile of logs, and a small boy playing about wherever his fancy led him. The girl evidently found her book absorbing, for it was but rarely she raised her eyes to see what her charge might be doing. When at length she did so, it was to cry, "Bobby, come down! Do you hear what I say? Well, if you *will* climb up there, I hope you'll— Oh—h—but I didn't mean *that*!" For there was a sudden slip, a wild clutching of arms and legs, and with a yell that had real terror in it, Bobby disappeared over the side of the pier. There was deep water below him—a surging, tumbling, seething mass of strong, green waves of the North Sea, mixing with the yellow waters of the Yare. It was not a nice place for anyone to tumble in; least of all a child of eight years old, who could barely swim.

For a perceptible moment the girl was powerless to move from the place where she was sitting. She sank back on the log deadly white and gasping with horror. Then with a mighty effort she scrambled to her feet and ran across the pier to the place where her little brother had disappeared. At intervals, along that side of the pier, there stood massive mooring-posts—mighty logs, each of which had once been the trunk of a whole tree. It was on the top of one of these posts that Bobby Mordaunt had chosen to stand, and whence he had just taken an impromptu header into the river.

His sister Alethea peered over the side, with a face as white as the clouds above her. But the horror lasted only for a moment. Instead of what she had expected to see—Bobby's yellow head drifting in the river's mouth, the plaything of those awful waves—there the child was, in the act of being lifted into a boat by a pair of strong arms which had got a good clutch on the back of his sailor blouse. He looked very much like a puppy, being hauled up by the scruff of his neck, and he was dripping all over, and pale and terrified; but what was *that* compared to what might have been! Alethea felt the tears rush into her eyes and a sob give a tight grip at her throat.

"Oh, Bobby, are you safe? Are you really not hurt?" she called, in a voice that quivered with relief. Bobby's rescuer looked up with a start. It had been surprising enough, for the moment, to have this sprawling urchin shooting down out of space and plunging into the water within a foot of his boat's side, and enough of an occupation to fish him out again. He was hardly prepared to have another actor appear so quickly on the scene. He deposited Bobby in the bottom of the boat, looked up, and raised his hat.

"The youngster has come to no harm," he called out, with a grin of amusement, "he's only out of breath and rather scared with his ducking. I'll soon bring him up to you."

There was a ladder close by, which the fishermen used to mount from their boats to the pier. Bobby's rescuer tucked him unceremoniously under one arm and swung himself up the ladder with active steps. He dumped his burden down on his feet on the pier, and the girl flung her arms round the dripping little figure with a sob.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, you might have been drowned," she cried, covering his soaked curls with kisses.

"Don't," said Bobby, wriggling himself away, with the colour coming back into his face. "Lend us your hanky, can't you, Ally? I—I want to blow my nose."

"It was very lucky for him that he didn't pitch on the boat's edge," remarked the young man. "There would have been a different tale to tell had he done *that*. As it was, he couldn't have managed things better if he had known what was going to happen."

Alethea Mordaunt straightened herself up,

and glanced at the speaker with a blush. In the rush of relief and joy, after her terrible fear, she had totally forgotten his presence, and was seized with sudden shyness at the thought that a stranger had witnessed her demonstrations towards her rescued brother.

"Oh, it *was* a happy thing that you chanced to be so near," she cried, with a catch in her voice. There was a gorgeous sunset flaming in the west, behind the roofs and chimneys and church tower of Gorleston. Some of its brightness was reflected in the girl's face, warming her soft cheeks and making them glow, while the great tears shone in her eyes like stars. She timidly put out her hand.

Bobby, darling, we must run home as quick as ever we can! Let us make haste."

At that moment, however, Elliston caught the echo of fresh footsteps, tramping up the pier at a great pace, and another voice broke on his ear.

"My good—children, what—on earth have you been after? What makes—Teddy look like a—drowned rat?" some one was calling out, in a series of emphatic gasps. It was a voice with a comic sort of boisterous ring in it. Elliston could not resist glancing over his shoulder to discover what its owner might be like. He beheld a short, stout lady, in a crumpled alpaca dress, with a mushroom hat on her head decidedly awry, and a walking-



IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Thank you, more than I can say," she murmured under her breath, with a shy, appealing look, and a half smile over her own tearfulness.

"Oh, it is not worth speaking of, indeed! I assure you I couldn't have helped catching him," was the reply, and they shook hands and parted.

Frank Elliston found himself suddenly wishing there had been something further to say or do which might have kept that face under the shady hat in view a little longer. It was so very young and tender and innocent-looking; there was a great charm about it. Elliston was attracted, too, by the girl's gentle voice, and would have liked to hear it again. He bethought himself that he might have given some advice as to the youngster's treatment after his wetting; but it was too late; the girl had already turned away, and was saying, "Come,

stick in her hand. She was coming up the pier at a sturdy trot, looked puzzled and excited, and was much out of breath. A boat-house, standing just in the way, had prevented her from seeing the brief accident; but it was plain from both Bobby's and his sister's looks that something had been happening, even had not the little boy—who was now just recovered enough to know what a fright he had been in—suddenly burst out crying and flung himself, all tears and salt water, broadcast against his mother.

"Bobby has had a tumble off that post into the river," began Alethea, pointing with her parasol.

"And who pulled him out again—not *you*, I should say, by the look of you?" A pair of lively grey eyes were directed at the girl's dress, which was as speckless and unbedraggled as a newly washed brown holland could be.



The daughter blushed. "No, it wasn't I, mother, it was that——" She glanced shyly in the direction of the retreating figure of Teddy's rescuer. He had reached the pier side and was looking after his boat, which lay rocking on the tumbling water below; but his ears were sharp, and he could not help hearing what was being said and being diverted thereby.

"And you let him go without a word of thanks, you cold-blooded creature?" shrielled out the other voice. "Bobby, my precious darling, to think what might have happened to you!"

"No, indeed, I didn't, mother. I said all I—*could*," replied the low soft tones, which again struck pleasantly on Elliston's ear.

"Well—we must suppose you did, then! Still, I must thank him on my own account. Hi! Hi, there!"

Elliston faced about, as promptly as if it were the most polite and natural thing in the world to be summoned in such a manner, to behold the stout lady kneeling on the pier, quite regardless of a trail of damp nets in the midst of which she found herself. One arm was round Bobby, who was sobbing on her neck, and with the other she was brandishing the walking-stick, to further emphasise her summons to himself. The girl stood by, trim and dainty, with a distressed, disapproving look.

The stick was dropped as the young man approached, and a hand was eagerly held out to him. It was innocent of any glove, and as sunburnt as a schoolboy's; but in spite of this, Elliston felt it was a lady's hand, and the eyes lifted to his face had in them the frank friendliness of an equal.

"My girl tells me that this good-for-nothing shrimp of a boy has been tumbling into the sea, and you have been pulling him out again. I don't know a bit how it happened, and he wasn't the least worth saving—hey, Bobbins?—but as he happens to belong to me I must thank you very heartily. I hope it wasn't done at great risk to yourself?"

"No, indeed, not the slightest," answered Elliston politely. "I only wish there were anything to thank me for, but I assure you there isn't. This young man took the neatest header off the pier, and it was the easiest thing in the world to fish him out again. The worst part of the business is that he has given his—his sister?—rather a fright, I'm afraid." Elliston glanced sympathetically in the girl's direction. She was growing paler and paler and was trembling from head to foot, while fighting to keep back hysterical tears.

The lady looked up sharply. "Don't be a goose, Alethea," she said, "there's nothing on earth to cry about." She herself was busy, all the time, dabbling alternately her own eyes and her boy's with her pocket-handkerchief; but it did not seem to occur to her that anyone else had a claim to such relief. Whether permitted or not, however, in another moment Alethea had slid down on a log lying near and hidden her face in her hands. Elliston stood by, loth to go, yet

feeling somewhat at a loss what to do. He had received his meed of thanks, and might have withdrawn himself and gone about his business; but the girl's sweet appealing looks and lovely eyes had attracted him, and the sense that her mother was rather "down upon" her had awakened his sympathy. He lingered, therefore, to see whether it might not be possible in some way to act the part of a consoler.

"Would you not like me to fetch you some water, or—or something——?" he inquired anxiously. There was a little public-house at the foot of the pier, towards which he vaguely looked. It might, he imagined, be a case for brandy.

"No—Oh no, thank you," gasped Alethea, between two mighty sobs.

"My daughter is addicted to crying for nothing at all! She doesn't take after her mother in that," remarked the lady, with a twinkle, while making a vigorous thrust at her own eyes with a damp ball unwillingly relinquished by her son. She put the child away from her, as she spoke, and scrambled, with a sort of roundabout agility, to her feet. "Come along home, my man, and Mother shall put you to bed and give you some hot negus—only think how good that will be! You can manage to walk, can't you, if Ally and I take you one on each side? We shall soon get you home."

But Bob declared, between his sobs, that he couldn't walk a step—he felt *so* bad, and his legs wouldn't move! Mother must get a sailor-man to carry him on his back.

"I shall do as well as a sailor-man, shan't I, youngster?" asked Elliston good-naturedly. "Will you allow me to carry him home for you?" And, without more ado, Bobby was raised again in the vigorous arms which had pulled him out of the Yare, and the little party moved off towards the town.

Alethea pulled herself up and followed dejectedly. It is only in story-books that people look more beautiful than ever during and after a fit of crying; in real life weeping makes the nose red and otherwise affects the complexion. Alethea Mordaunt was aware of this, as she moved along, a little in the rear of her mother; for she was at an age when the outer woman plays a large part in the consciousness of the inner; and besides, very few specimens of the genus *young man* had as yet come within her limited horizon, and it was provoking to have been seen acting the cry-baby before such a favourable sample of the race.

Elliston was undoubtedly an attractive personage. Though not tall, he was upright and well made, and had a disciplined, soldierly bearing, and alert, agile movements. Though not handsome, he possessed, to a marked extent, that pleasantness of look and manner which is such a good substitute for good looks, and which it is as impossible to define as it is easy to recognise. If some of the lines on his sunburnt face told of self-pleasing, of habits forming which were not incompatible with pleasantness and



good nature, though with a high standard of living they might be so, these lines were not apparent to a casual observer. It needed keener eyes to see them than those with which people in general scanned the popular Frank Elliston.

It was natural to suppose that this lady and her children were, like himself, chance visitors to Gorleston, and staying in the lodging-house quarter; and on leaving the pier, Elliston, as a matter of course, turned his steps in that direction. But his guide pointed with her walking-stick the other way.

"No, we don't dwell among the lodgers," she said. "We are burgesses of Gorleston and live in the old part of the town. My house is in the street—the street *par excellence*."

Elliston followed her guidance, and presently found himself at the door of an old red-brick house, one of the biggest and most dignified-looking that the place could boast of. He remembered having admired it, the day before, on his way from the station, and having thought that it was the sort of house in which you would expect the Mayor, or some other local magnate, to dwell. It had a carved wooden porch, and a handsome flight of steps leading up from the pavement.

From within the door shouts and whoopings resounded, mingled with the clatter of footsteps and the slamming of other doors. Evidently there was high revel, of some sort, going on within.

Elliston set his burden down on the top-most step, and prepared to take his leave; but he was met by an eager "Pray come in and have some tea," from the elder of his companions. He hesitated. The church clock was banging out seven, so it was much too late for tea; moreover, he was not particularly fond of children, and that racket within was by no means inviting, and would be distinctly objectionable at closer quarters. On the whole, he thought he would be off to his lodgings; and he was about to excuse himself and take leave, when again his eyes fell on the face of the girl who was standing silently by. She had struggled out of her tears, and the pretty rose flush was coming back into her cheeks and the brightness into her hazel eyes. It struck the young man's fancy that he should like to have her look at him and speak to him again, and that it would be pleasant to hear that peculiarly gentle voice, as well as to see what her home might be like on a nearer view. So he cut short the sentence about "time to be getting back to my diggings" upon which he had started, and followed the two ladies into the house.

It struck him as a trifle odd to be calling upon people whose name he did not even know, and still more odd, perhaps, that they should be inviting him in, under the same circumstances; but that last was *their* look-out, not his! And after all, what did it matter, when he was going away in a day or two, and should never see them again! So, with a half grin at himself, in he marched.

Two boys, bigger than his acquaintance Bobby, and two—no, three little girls, all flowing hair, long legs, and dirty pinafores, were revealed when the door was opened, in the act of rushing violently downstairs. Bobby, forgetting his late inability to walk, charged after them, yelling with the best; and the whole crew disappeared into the back regions of the house, in a whirlwind of shouts and clatter which made Elliston feel inclined to stop his ears.

His hostess, quite unmoved, led the way into a sitting-room, which looked only less of a bear-garden than the hall they had just crossed. Sofa cushions and footstools lay heaped together in the middle of the floor; two chairs were on their backs on the sofa; and there were signs of a barricade having been erected across the bow window.

"Oh," cried the girl, with a face of dismay, "those abominable children! And they *know* they are forbidden to come in here!"

"Never mind, my dear; what can you expect on a Saturday afternoon, and with you and me both gadding our several ways and no one to look after them? I've been tramping to Burgh



HE WAS ABOUT TO EXCUSE HIMSELF WHEN AGAIN HIS EYES  
FELL ON THAT FACE.

Castle and back—*such* mud!—And I daresay you know what children will be like when they get the house to themselves?" This last was said with the frankest smile at Elliston, as his hostess dismounted a chair from the sofa and

planted herself upon it, while inviting him to occupy the place thus vacated. The girl moved about the room, tidying its disorder with deft fingers and a vexed face. Elliston's eyes followed her as she went, with evident admiration of her slim and youthful grace.

Before the conclusion of his call the young man was in possession of all the facts about his new acquaintances that he needed to know. He had been made aware that his hostess's name was Mordaunt, and that her husband was a colonel in the army, now in India with his regiment; that they were the possessors of seven children who had to be educated and started in life on about as narrow means as it was possible to do the job; and that, to this end, Mrs. Mordaunt had settled herself at Gorleston, as a cheap and healthy place, within reach of a good Grammar School for the boys. There was also a day-school available, which the little girls might in course of time attend, but at present it appeared that such learning as they received was being imparted to them by their eldest sister—Elliston's acquaintance—whose own education was supposed to have been finished a year ago.

The room, round which the young man's eye roved in pursuit of the girl's flitting form, would in itself have testified that its owners were people not overblest with ways and means. Its outlook, upon a sloping bit of garden, gay with flowers, and having for a background the red roofs by the river and the fringe of masts and cordage of the craft lining its banks, was cheerful and pretty enough. But the room itself was comfortless and shabby, and its scanty furniture had an uncared-for look. It bore the aspect of a place in which the inhabitants encamped rather than lived, and gave Frank Elliston—accustomed to his mother's elaborate drawing-room—a sense of vague discomfort.

Mrs. Mordaunt made no secret of her poverty; on the contrary, was inclined to dilate upon the difficulties of making both ends meet with a frankness that her daughter by no means approved of—to judge by the movements of her slender shoulders.

Her listener, who himself had never known anything but comfort and plenty, might have felt inclined to pity the stout lady for the difficulties of her task; but her smile was so jovial and her power of taking things easily so manifest, that he came to the conclusion such sentiments would be thrown away.

It struck him, however, that there might be reason to bestow some pity on the daughter, whose expression was as serious and anxious as if the cares of a kingdom were weighing on her young shoulders. When the room had been made as straight as might be, she came and sat down near her mother; but she seemed to be momentarily expecting some outbreak or catastrophe of that horde of young savages in the background—whose existence made itself known, from time to time, by distant clamours—and only gave a wistful look and half

attention to the brisk talk going on between her companions.

Now, Frank Elliston was accustomed to receiving the entire attention and interest of such young ladies as it pleased his fastidiousness to talk to; and it might be, therefore, that the distractedness and aloofness of this damsel somewhat piqued his vanity, and made him keen to win the full concentration of those beautiful hazel eyes. He exerted himself to talk well and pleasantly, and was rewarded at last, if only for a moment, by so charming a smile and look of pleased interest on the grave young face as made him feel his trouble had been worth the taking. He was more attracted, somehow, by the looks of this serious maiden than he had been by many readier damsels; and he turned his spare thoughts to considering what other topics he could find that would interest her, and win him some more of those rare smiles. The charms of the pier as the place for an evening stroll, and the wonders of the sunsets and moonrises to be seen from it, had been a successful magnet for opening those lips and awakening those eyes.

Before leaving the house Elliston had received an invitation to supper on the following evening, and had accepted it with an alacrity which amused himself. He laughed over his own eagerness as he strolled down the High Street in the gathering dusk, and paused, halfway up the hill, to admire the distant lights of Yarmouth sparkling and twinkling across the dusky belt of sandhills to the north of the river. "How Connie would chaff me," he said to himself, as he felt in his pocket for his pipe. "I suppose she'd own to that little girl's being pretty; nobody could deny *that*, with that oval face and that brow and eyes—they *are* lovely eyes, and innocent ones, too! I wonder if she thinks the world a very wicked place!—but she'd call her a wooden doll, and say she hadn't the most elementary notions about behaviour, and so on. Well, anyway, it will be livelier than a solitary feed of cold mutton at Mrs. What's-her-name's; and to-morrow I'm due at the Dysons'; so what does it matter?"

Next day, however, a card was posted at the Gorleston Post-Office, addressed to the Constance aforesaid, whereon was written: "I've given up the D.'s and am stopping on here a few days longer, so please forward letters here, if any come for me. Will let you know when I move on. Find this isn't half a bad little hole after all, and there's uncommonly good river fishing.—F. E."

#### CHAPTER II.—NEW RELATIONSHIPS.

"FIVE minutes past five! I suppose we must not have tea up till Frank and his young woman appear—tiresome creatures! Can you wait, though, mother? I'm sure I wouldn't, if you are starving!" The speaker was a young lady, and the place a

London drawing-room, in the dusk of a November afternoon. She rose, as she spoke, from a writing-table strewn with letters and papers and looking like the centre and starting-point of many occupations, and crossed the room to the fire, beside which a lady was sitting and yawning now and then with a faint, lady-like sound.

"Yes, thank you, my dear; I can manage to wait. It would not look friendly to begin tea without them. But you might light some more candles, or they will be tumbling over the chairs and things when they arrive."

The lighting of candles disclosed a large, luxurious room, so full of furniture and knick-knacks that Lady Elliston's fears that "they" might tumble over things was amply justified. The light revealed the three tall windows, from which nothing could be seen but a yellow-grey space of foggy twilight, with a few gaunt boughs and bare twigs of the nearer trees in the square thrusting themselves into view. It revealed, too, Constance Elliston and her mother—the latter an elderly lady whose cap seemed to be the most pronounced thing about her; and the former a short, upright personage of thirty or thereabouts, who was dressed in the trimmest of tailor-made suits and carried her head with an air of decision and aplomb which—if it did not set your back up—made you instinctively feel inclined to defer to her. Constance had her brother's quick, dark eyes, and the colouring and shape of their faces were very similar. People who were not fond of Miss Elliston said that she was a bad likeness of Frank; and certainly the *bonhomie* which made the charm of his face was entirely lacking in hers. On the other hand, there was a firmness and vigour about Constance's eyes and chin which were to be looked for in vain in her brother; people who admired her said that there was "so much *force* about her," and so there was—a force which only needed to be tempered with sweetness to make her a person of great influence and real "worthfulness."

She knelt down on the hearthrug when she had lighted the candles and held a pair of chilly hands to the fire. Her mother eyed her, over a yawn, timidly, and with the air of wanting to say something, but of not knowing how to begin. The firelight showed a pucker in Constance's brow, and a compression about her lips which made her look particularly unapproachable.

"My dear," began Lady Elliston at last, after one or two false starts which had been smothered in her pocket-handkerchief, "I—I hope—I should be so sorry if—if you didn't feel friendly towards—well, towards Frank and Alethea. Of course it isn't *quite* what we expected of him—to go and fall head over ears in love with a little country girl like this. But at any rate she *is* a lady—her father comes of the Shropshire Mordaunts, you know, a good old family whom my cousin—"

"Oh *please*, mother," cried Constance, interrupting her with a shrug of the shoulders, "for

pity's sake don't let us have it all over again! I remember perfectly about the Shropshire Mordaunts, and that they have been passed by Lady Elizabeth—which, of course, leaves nothing more to be said! I'm prepared to find this girl as lady-like as you please, and to welcome her



LADY ELLISTON.

as—as a sister! I don't expect to like her, or care for her, or find her interesting—that would be more than you could look for from a body under the circumstances. But Frank has chosen to engage himself, and is bringing his young lady here to exhibit to his family; and we are going to receive her with open arms;—and so there's an end of it! What *is* the use of our discussing it again from the beginning?"

"Well, of course we are going to *receive* her, Constance; it would never do to cold-shoulder Frank! He has got the means to be independent, more's the pity; and he would take himself off in a huff, and we should never have him at home again! But as to what you call receiving her with open arms, my dear, I don't quite see that, I own! It must depend upon what sort of girl she is in herself—whether she is a *good* girl and of a nice disposition, and likely to influence dear Frank in the right direction. I am not prepared to say that I shall even kiss her on first arriving—or at any rate only quite a *little* kiss, just for form's sake. I certainly shall not—not *embrace* her, Constance: it would be going too far, and I might not be able to follow it up afterwards. Nobody could



expect us to be demonstrative, my dear, under the circumstances."

Constance shrugged her shoulders again and showed an inscrutable face to the fire. It hardly seemed worth the trouble of explaining that she had been speaking satirically. "Well, as to embracing, mother," she remarked, "I'm not much given that way myself, at the best of times, as you sometimes complain; and I expect it will be a long time before I hug Frank's young woman. As for you, I foresee that you will do exactly as it—strikes you at the moment! And I don't suppose you will find you have been kissing in haste to repent at leisure. I'm prepared to see you falling in love with Alethea at the first moment, for, according to Frank, she is a perfect paragon of youthful innocence and sweetness, besides having a complexion like a briar rose and the loveliest eyes ever seen."

"For all that Frank may say, it will be very odd if she *is* pleasing," went on Lady Elliston, in increasingly plaintive accents, "brought up, as she must have been, with her parents in a marching regiment and with hardly a penny to bless themselves with beyond the father's pay! And her mother must be an odd creature, I should gather. Elizabeth de Courcy just remembers her as one of a set of wild girls from the other side of the county, who could ride bare-back and had no mother to keep them in order! Even Frank says she isn't much to look at, though he would naturally view her *couleur de rose*. Her letters have been friendly enough, certainly, but each time there has seemed to me something very—very *casual*, as Frank would call it, about them. I don't take to her, I must own."

The daughter laughed. "I don't think that much matters, mother. She'll be marching away from Gorleston before long, I suppose, to the other end of nowhere, and you and she won't be likely to come across each other often when once the marriage is an accomplished fact."

"Do you think so, my dear? Well, I own it would be a relief. But I'm rather surprised to hear *you*, Constance, standing up for Frank's choice. I suppose I am as hard to please as any mother could be—and can you wonder at it, when dear Frank is the only son I've got? But I always thought *you* were even more fastidious than myself. Old nurse used to say, 'Miss Connie wouldn't think a royal princess good enough to mate with Master Frank!' and I always thought she was not far wrong as to your ideas for him."

"You have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, mother," answered Constance, in a voice of mingled pain and irritation—"as usual," was her undutiful addition, under her breath—"I wasn't standing up for this chit—is it likely? I was merely reminding you of what Frank says in those most expansive letters of his. I own I always hoped he wouldn't—I thought perhaps he and I should—" But there she broke off, under pretence of poking the fire, and turned away her face. There were no tears

in her eyes—she was not given to them—but the pain and disappointment of which her heart was full surged up into her face, so that she could not trust it, even under her mother's not very observant eyes. It was plain that her brother's engagement had been a great blow to Constance Elliston.

Above the clatter of the poker among the coals the sound of the front-door bell made itself heard. Constance sprang to her feet and looked towards the door. Lady Elliston's face flushed. She began fumbling nervously at the fastening of the silver-mounted bag in which she kept her pocket-handkerchief. It seemed to be of the first importance to get that article safely stowed away before the new arrivals appeared.

"Oh, my dear, *there* they are!" she cried. "Run down and meet them—do, *please!* Frank will think us *so* ungracious. You know I dare not expose myself to the draught; but somebody ought to go."

"No," said Constance decidedly. "I'm sure she would rather not. If she is shy, as Frank says, it will only make her worse. I should hate to be rushed at in the hall, were I in her place." She moved away to the writing-table and—with hands that trembled despite her self-possessed tone—was busy turning over the papers there when the door was thrown open, and a familiar voice made itself heard, crying, "Here we are at last, mother!"

Lady Elliston had risen from her seat by the fire, all one nervous flutter. She was sure Frank would be surprised and displeased at there being no one in the hall to greet him and his *fiancée* on this most special occasion; yet she had been too well drilled in the duty of taking care of herself to dare descend there, as her heart throbbed to do. In all eagerness to atone for the apparent neglect, she started, on the first sounds of approach, in a hasty, rustling progress across the room, with both hands outstretched and rainbow smiles of welcome on her face. "My dear, dear boy! Have you really brought her?" she cried; and Constance smiled grimly to herself over the next sound that fell on her ear—the sound of kisses that were by no means cold or formal ones.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she muttered, and then faced about to behold Frank's familiar figure standing in the middle of the room, and beside him a slim girlish personage whose form and face were alike indistinct, both on account of the dim light and because they were still partly hidden in the folds of Lady Elliston's embrace. The good lady was "committing herself" as fast as ever she could; and it seemed the less necessary because her future daughter-in-law was meeting her by no means half-way, but was receiving her caresses with shy inexpansiveness, and giving only a chilly, timid kiss in return.

"Con, where are you?" Frank's voice exclaimed, in brotherly accents. "Come along and speak to Alethea! Alethea, this is my sister, whom I've told you a great deal about, haven't I? You won't be strangers."



"Dear me! I wonder what his information consisted of?" was his sister's thought, as she encountered a wistful, beseeching glance, darted at her by the new-comer. The hand put into hers was so small, chilly, and shrinking, that her heart was touched, and she found it easier than she had expected to kiss its owner's equally cold cheek and speak to her in tolerably friendly tones.

Lady Elliston, from over Frank's shoulder, was murmuring incoherent welcomes in the most affectionate voice, and expressing her delight at seeing "the dear child" actually in Chester Square "at last." Any similar expressions of welcome were more than Constance could bring herself to utter; but she invited Alethea, in a tone that was sufficiently genial, to come to the fire to warm her hands, and pitied her for having had such a cold day for travelling.

Frank, who was manifestly nervous, began a string of small comments on their journey, and launched into vehement abuse of the Great Eastern Railway for the lateness of its trains. Alethea obediently took off her gloves and held her numbed fingers to the fire; but the frost, or some other cause, seemed to have benumbed her tongue also; and Frank talked the faster for the pair of them.

The entrance of the lamp and tea made a welcome diversion. Constance withdrew her formidable presence behind the hissing kettle, and Lady Elliston, who had subsided on her sofa again, patted the chintz seat beside her invitingly, and said, in her soft, plaintive tones, "Come and sit here, my dear, and let me have a good look at you. This is the warmest corner in the room, and we will be cosy in it together. Frank shall bring you your tea over here, and you and I will make friends."

Alethea responded to the invitation in nervous haste; but at least this douce lady, in her white shawl, was not personally alarming, and the girl soon began to thaw a little in her

friendly atmosphere. She found her smiles, and the power to answer such questions as were put to her. Frank pulled up a chair and joined in, with openly pleased looks; it was evident that, as the French say, *une entente cordiale* was already becoming established between Alethea and her future mother-in-law; and that, at any rate, was a relief and satisfaction.

As for Constance, she silently plied her tea-making craft, and, through the softening clouds rising from the tea-kettle, watched the faces on the other side of the hearthrug. Her brother's smiling looks—speaking of a happiness in which she had no share—gave her a stab like the thrust of a knife, and she passed hastily on to gaze at Alethea. Her pretty looks were of the kind that the cold plays havoc with; but now the colour was beginning to come back into her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes.

"Oh Frank, Frank, *what* a little green goose you have caught! And as if *you* were the sort of person to mould character and teach the young idea to shoot? What on earth are you going to make of her—you, the laziest of men?" These were his sister's reflections as she looked and listened.

Alethea glanced up once, and caught the full gaze of those lively dark eyes, focussed on herself. She blushed and faltered and, for a minute, froze up again into the icicle she had been at first. But then Frank rose, broad-shouldered and smiling, across her field of vision; and, when her eyes were upon his, her courage came back with a rush. The pretty colour mantled yet more deeply in her cheeks, and a charming smile shone in her eyes, though her lips kept their seriousness. She felt she could do and bear anything with him to protect her. Another of Constance's private observations was to the effect that this baby was at least sufficiently developed to be heartily in love. She hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry.

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### From the Greek of *Bycys*.

IN spring the budding trees  
May wanton in the breeze  
That fans them with moist wings;  
To me is no surcease  
Of war that Eros brings.

In spring the tender vine  
May loving tendrils twine  
Around her husband elm;  
But my poor leaflets pine  
Neath blasts that overwhelm.

Eros, why must my heart  
Thus ever feel thy smart?  
Why must thou vex me so?  
What poison taints thy dart?  
Relieve or end my woe!

A. R.

## FUTURE KINGS.

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

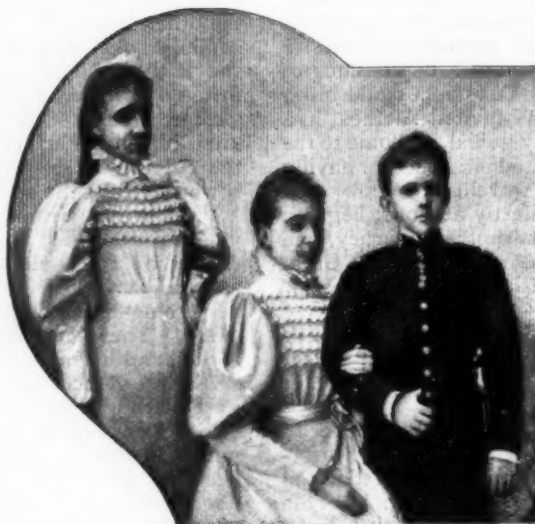
### SPAIN.

AS has so often happened in Spain, the present King's Heir-Apparent is a woman, being his own elder sister, the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes Isabella Theresa Christina Alfonsina Hyacinth, Princess of the Asturias. She was born at Madrid on September 11, 1880, and during the six months which elapsed between her father's death and the birth of her brother, Alfonso XIII, she was of course styled Queen of Spain, her mother Queen Christina being Regent.

The Princess Mercedes is a charming looking girl, with a distinctly Spanish type of beauty, though she has the true Hapsburg nose and chin. She is devoted to her brother, and during his serious illness, which occurred some years ago, the anxiety she suffered told on her health.

The fact that the Princess of the Asturias may become Queen of Spain is never lost sight of for a moment, either by her mother, or by those about her. She is always seen with the Queen Regent and her brother; and at Royal receptions, Queen Christina stands with the King on her right, and his two sisters on her left. Very little distinction is made between the three children. The young Princesses dress very simply, and are being most carefully educated by two ladies, Miss Etta Hughes, who is an Englishwoman, and Fräulein Paula, who is an Austrian. The Princess is very fond of needlework, and is sometimes seen busily sewing even when driving; she is also fond of doing the elaborate Spanish embroidery often seen on Church vestments, and on Christmas Day a number of altar-cloths, and other linen prepared by Queen Christina and her elder daughter, are despatched to various Madrid churches.

What would take place in the unfortunate event of the young King's death has already been decided. The Princess of the Asturias



THE PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS.  
(From a photograph by Valentin, Madrid.)

would be immediately proclaimed Queen, under the title of Maria I, and, curiously enough, Queen Christina would cease to be Regent, for the Princess, who is sixteen years of age, attained her legal majority two years ago. The question of her marriage is naturally causing a good deal of discussion and anxiety, for until Alfonso XIII is himself a father, there will always be a very immediate possibility of the Princess becoming Queen of Spain.

### SAXE-COBURG.

The only son and heir of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha holds a unique position among the Heirs-Apparent in Europe, for, in the event of the death of Prince Albert of Belgium, he would be in the position of Heir-Presumptive to King Leopold. He is also within measurable distance of the British throne; and even if he simply becomes in time Duke Regnant of the beautiful duchy which gave up its worthiest representative to be Prince Consort to Queen Victoria, Prince Alfred will find himself related to literally every royal family in Europe.

As it was early decided that the Queen of England's second son should succeed his uncle, the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, both the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, as they were then styled, made up their minds that their young son should be in every way educated with a view to his future position; and although the Duke would have naturally preferred to see his boy enjoying all the advantages of a British education, he very wisely put aside his own feeling in the matter and determined to make Prince Alfred a German from the beginning, though nothing can alter the fact that the future ruler of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was born in Buckingham Palace.

Prince Alfred Alexander William Ernest

Albert is just twenty-two years of age, but he looks considerably younger, for he has always been exceedingly delicate. Since the Franco-Prussian war every German prince has been called upon to endure a severe military



THE PRINCE ROYAL OF SAXONY.  
(From a photograph by Otto Meyer, Dresden.)

apprenticeship, and no exception was made in his case; even now he is only a lieutenant in the First Prussian Regiment of Foot Guards, and long before his father succeeded Duke Ernest, Prince Alfred spent the greater portion of each year in Germany, his brief leaves of absence being passed at Coburg.

The German Emperor has always had a special liking for his young cousin, and made him a Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle some time before it is customary to confer that dignity on the more youthful members of royal houses. But Prince Alfred is credited with no very great affection for Prussia and Prussian methods. He resembles strongly in character and manner the present Emperor of Russia, and had it been possible he would have much preferred a naval to a military career.

Already the Palace Edinburgh, one of the finest buildings in Coburg, has been set aside for the Heir-Apparent, and it is not improbable that his betrothal will be announced in the course of this year.

#### BAVARIA.

As most people know, the King of Bavaria is insane, and the kingdom is really governed by King Otto's uncle and Heir-Presumptive, Prince Leopold, now a man of seventy-six years of age. It is reasonable to suppose that in the Regent's son, Prince Louis Leopold of Bavaria, is to be found the future ruler of the brave Bavarians. He is devoted to his cousin's people, and has never made any secret of the fact that he belongs to that group of German princes who would willingly see the Empire

once more disintegrated. Prince Louis, who celebrated his fifty-second birthday on the seventh of January, married, twenty-nine years ago, the Archduchess Maria Teresa of Modena, the lady whom a band of Jacobites consistently term "Queen Mary IV," but Princess Louis does not much care to be reminded of the fact that she is indeed "the last of the Stuarts," and she is said to regard with far more annoyance than pleasure the attentions occasionally paid her by her would-be British subjects.

Prince and Princess Louis reside most of the year in Munich. They are devoted to their eleven children, of whom the eldest, Prince Rupert, is, like Prince Albert of Flanders, one of the very few unmarried future kings. Both he and his father devote much of their time to the Bavarian army, but the Regent has lately been initiating his grandson into some of his future duties as Heir-Apparent of the kingdom.

#### SAXONY.

The present King of Saxony and his wife, the good Queen Carola, have no children; accordingly King Albert will be succeeded by his nephew, the Crown Prince of Saxony, who is very popular, not only in the kingdom itself, but all over Germany.

Few people are aware that the law affecting the Saxon succession enacts that the Heir-Apparent to the throne, if born during his father's reign, shall be a Protestant. Strangely enough this has never occurred during the last



THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF SAXONY.  
(From a photograph by Otto Meyer, Dresden.)

two hundred years, for though a son has sometimes been born to a King of Saxony before his succession, no reigning sovereign has been blessed with the birth of a son. The present Heir-Apparent, who, together with his wife, is Roman Catholic, has already two sons, and his

younger brother, Prince Max, some time ago resigned his possible rights to the throne, became a Roman Catholic priest, and is now working in the East End of London.

The present King of Saxony, although he was one of those who took arms against Prussia during the Prussian-Austrian war, later became a firm friend of William I, and both he and his Heir-Presumptive may be counted among the most devoted adherents of Imperial Germany.

#### WURTEMBERG.

The Salic Law is enforced in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and as the present King has only one child, a daughter, Princess Pauline, whose engagement to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark was recently announced, the crown will ultimately devolve on a somewhat distant relation, the present young Duke Albert Alexander Philip Joseph of Wurtemberg, born in Vienna—his mother was an Austrian Archduchess—on December 23, 1865. It was not till comparatively lately—in fact, till it became apparent that the King of Wurtemberg had no hopes of a direct heir to succeed him—that Duke Albrecht was at all in a position to consider himself future King of Wurtemberg. He was, however, educated in Germany, and till comparatively lately lived as do other German princes, whom fate, rather than inclination, have condemned to a military career.

Some five years ago the Duke, when staying in Austria with some of his mother's relations, made the acquaintance of the Archduchess Margaret Sophia, the eldest daughter of the Archduke Carl Ludwig. Shortly after the engagement of the young couple was announced, and the King of Wurtemberg definitely recognised Duke Albert as his heir. The marriage took place in Vienna in the January of 1893, and in the November of the same year the Duchess gave birth to a son at Stuttgart.

Both the future King and Queen of Wurtemberg belong to the Roman Catholic faith. Time brings strange changes and curiously widens possibilities. It is not so very long ago since the mere thought of a Roman Catholic sovereign in Protestant Wurtemberg would have produced a revolution in the militant little kingdom; but although most of the future subjects would naturally prefer that their sovereign should belong to the national religion, the point has not been raised, and both the Duke and Duchess are very popular in the kingdom.

#### HOLLAND.

The Dutch nation have reason to count precious the young life of their Queen, for in the event of her death the throne of Holland would pass to a sovereign who would be German in name, in association, and in education. There is over fifty years' difference in age between

Queen Wilhelmina and her heiress-at-law, the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.

At the time of the latter's marriage in 1842, Princess Wilhelmina Maria Sophia of the Netherlands was considered in no way to touch upon the succession; her two brothers were living, and the elder of them, the late King, had already been married three years, and was the happy father of the Prince of Orange, poor "Prince Citron" of unhappy memory. Since the death of the King of Holland, the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and her niece and namesake, the little Queen Wilhelmina, have been the only living representatives of the once numerous Dutch royal family. There has always been a very strong link between Holland and Saxe-Weimar; indeed, many inter-marriages have taken place, and lately it has been more than once stated that the future Prince Consort of the Nether-



THE GRAND-DUCHESS SAXE-WEIMAR ELSENACH.  
(From a photograph by Louis Held, Weimar.)

lands is to be looked for in the person of Prince Bernard Henry of Saxe-Weimar, the only brother of the hereditary Grand-Duke.

The Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar still occupies a prominent place, not only in her husband's kingdom, but also in Germany. She is a woman of considerable intellect, and possesses a well-balanced judgment. Although devoted to Weimar—she has given up much of her time and not a little of her private fortune to keeping alive in the hearts of her husband's people the great intellectual and religious traditions of the duchy—she has remained, as is natural, a Dutchwoman in sympathy; and since her marriage, which occurred fifty-five years ago, she has visited her old home over a hundred times, while amongst the pleasantest yearly visits paid by the Queen Regent and her daughter are those made to Weimar. On these occasions the Grand-Duke and the Grand-



Duchess generally gather about them a family party consisting of their two married daughters, Princess Reuss and Duchess Johann of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and her two grandsons, the hereditary Grand-Duke and Prince Bernard. These gatherings take place either at Weimar or at Eisenach, in the Wartburg, so long the hiding-place of Martin Luther; indeed, the curious apartment in which he worked and where he is supposed to have thrown an inkstand at the Evil One is preserved, together with the chapel in which he used to preach, with the greatest care, for the Grand-Duchess is an ardent antiquarian. She is also keenly alive to the literary interest attached to her husband's duchy, and herself was largely instrumental in founding the Goethe Museum, where are to be found some MS. works and many more intimate relics of the poet.

## ROUMANIA.

Roumania, though a comparatively small kingdom, has acquired a considerable importance among Continental nations, partly from the shrewd common-sense and statesmanlike qualities of its present Sovereign, and also owing to the marriage of the latter's Heir-Presumptive to Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg, who is, as all the world knows, closely connected with the Russian, German, and British Royal families.

Ferdinand Victor Albert Mainrad of Hohenzollern, Crown Prince of Roumania, is nephew to the actual ruler of Roumania, being the second son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and Princess Antonia of Portugal. He was born at Sigmaringen on August 24, 1868, and



THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.  
(From a photograph by Fráncz Mándy, Bucharest.)

was already twenty-three years of age when he was formally recognised as their future ruler by the Roumanian nation. Curiously enough, the King of Roumania to be is of purely German origin, and was entirely

brought up in South Germany. Further, he is a Roman Catholic, and so cannot have very much in common with the Greek Orthodox Church, the national religion of Roumania.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.  
(From a photograph by Fráncz Mándy, Bucharest.)

Few people are aware that the father of the Crown Prince of Roumania is the head of the Hohenzollern family: although not himself a crowned head, he is a man of enormous wealth, and the greatest territorial magnate in South Germany. Many, however, will remember that his personality was at one time very prominently before Europe, for to him was offered the Spanish throne in 1870, and thus he became, it is said more or less unconsciously, the pretext for the Franco-Prussian War.

Prince Ferdinand was very carefully educated, but without any special thought on his parents' part as to his future position, for first one German Prince and then another had been suggested as a good candidate for the ultimate position of King of Roumania.

So popular, however, had King Charles and his Queen, "Carmen Sylva," become with their subjects, that their final choice of Ferdinand of Hohenzollern was hailed with enthusiasm, the more so that the young man was said to be sincere and straightforward, and well inclined to his future subjects.

As most people will remember, for the affair provoked an enormous amount of discussion at the time it took place, the Crown Prince of Roumania had scarcely become accustomed to the glories of his new position before he electrified his uncle by announcing it to be his intention to marry Fräulein Hélène Vacaresco, one of the Queen of Roumania's maids-of-honour, the daughter of the sometime Roumanian Minister to Rome, and—as the enthusiastic lover was careful to point out—a member of

one of the oldest Boyar families in the Kingdom. Notwithstanding the efforts made by the King and Queen of Roumania and by the parents of Prince Ferdinand, the main facts of the case became known, and were eagerly discussed in every Court in Europe. Roumanian politicians, without distinction of party, entirely refused to countenance the marriage, and at one time the advisability of replacing Prince Ferdinand by his younger brother, or by some other German Prince, was seriously discussed. After a long struggle, which lasted something like two years, and which had a very serious effect on the health of "Carmen Sylva," for the Queen's ardent romantic nature had at first warmly espoused the cause of the young couple, Prince Ferdinand was persuaded to give up his dream of love in a cottage.

It was during a tour of the capitals of Europe undertaken by him shortly after his final rupture with Mdle. Vacaresco, that the Crown Prince spent some weeks in London, and there made the acquaintance of his present wife, then a very charming girl of fifteen. Some months later they met again at Berlin, and shortly after, the engagement of the Crown Prince of Roumania to Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg was formally announced. From the first the marriage proved popular among the Roumanians of all classes and of all shades of political opinion; it was believed that the marriage of Prince Ferdinand would increase the political influence of the country, and the wedding, which took place on January 11, 1893, was celebrated with great state at the old Schloss of Sigmaringen, the cradle of the Hohenzollern race.

Since their marriage the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania have led a comparatively quiet life, spending their winters at Bucharest,

and their summers at the King and Queen of Roumania's ideally beautiful country castle at Pelesch. They have two children, Carol, who was born in the October of 1893, and who alone among the future Kings of Europe possesses the distinction of having only one Christian name, and Elizabeth Charlotte Josephine Victoria Alexandra, born in the October of 1894.

#### MONTENEGRO.

Within the last few years the tiny Principality of Montenegro has assumed considerable importance, and it is likely that the future ruler of the curious little State will play a great part in European affairs, for Montenegro is so situated that her friendship or her enmity is of importance to Austria, Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan States.

The Crown Prince, for so Prince Nicholas's eldest son is always styled, is one of nine children, and they have all been educated to hold in the greatest reverence the romantic traditions of their country. The Prince is an ardent patriot, but shares his father's affection for Russia and the Russian royal family. Prince Danilo has not inherited Prince Nicholas's Herculean stature, still he is a fine-looking youth, and aroused great interest when he accompanied his sister to Italy.

Cetinje is more a village than a town, but a good deal of state is maintained at the Palace, and Prince Danilo has been very highly educated with the assistance of French and Swiss tutors. He is much given to all physical exercises from hunting to lawn tennis, and, together with his brother, Prince Mirko, he has long taken an active part in the training of the small, but active army, entirely composed of hardy mountaineers.



### THREE PETS OF MINE: A STUDY IN ANIMAL LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"HILLOO-OO-OO!"

This is spoken in a long-drawn, loving tone, as I enter the sitting-room every morning at seven, to make my brose, a dish I cannot live without, but which an English servant is incapable of doing justice to.

"Hilloo-oo-oo!" And Polly Gordon, as she is called, holds her bonnie head very low, but glances up at me with one grey eye in a most affectionate way indeed.

"Hillo!" I answer in response. "Is Polly all right this morning?"

She commences to eat her seeds by way of

response. But no sooner have I begun to stir the fragrant oatmeal than she begins to talk.

"You'll give Polly some. Polly wants a bit. Polly wants a little, *little* bit!"

Such an appeal is irresistible. Brose may not be the best thing for a parrot; nevertheless she has a teaspoonful just swimming in melted butter. But before giving it to her I say: "Do pretty then!"

She immediately stands on one claw, catches the ring above her head, and swings right round in the air, alighting neatly on the perch again. This is what my bairns call "Doing

pretty," and Polly does it for every titbit she gets. But if anything is particularly nice, the bird—a red-tailed grey, of course—thanks one for it over and over again while eating from the spoon. Her method of giving thanks is one of the prettiest I ever saw in a bird. She bends her head till her beak quite touches her breast, and utters a most melodious "Woo-oo-oo!" then resumes her treat.

This bird knows precisely the meaning of every word or sentence she utters.

The word "Whoa!" for instance, is quite different from the note of thanks. It is uttered sharp, loud, and clearly, and just as a man says it to a horse. It means "stop." For instance, if in "doing pretty" she swings rather far round she sings out "Whoa!" and whirls herself back. If one takes an empty cup and goes through the motion of dipping a hand in it and sprinkling her with water, she shouts out "Whoa!" If it is persisted in, then out come these words: "Whoa! Whoa! you wretch! You old wretch!"

Polly never says a bad word save that. But if she is doing mischief such as trying to undo her water-dish, she does not spare herself. "Polly," she cries, "Polly, you wretch! You are! You are!"

I have had the bird for several years, and now she calls every child by name, and knows the footsteps of every one of them.

"Inie!" she screams, as Inie passes the room door, or "Ida," or "Kennie," as the case may be.

Whenever I approach the hall door she rings the bicycle bell, most naturally, too. As I open the door it seems to creak and call aloud for oil. It is only Polly throwing her voice at it, and she chuckles low to herself at the joke. As soon as I am in the hall she shrieks "Edward!" and follows this up with a shrill whistle like a cab-call. Now my Christian name is William, not Edward, but perhaps I resemble some one of that name she knew in her younger days. If I don't go in to her at once, she whistles for me as if I were a dog, and that never fails to fetch me.

As soon as I enter she crouches low and lovingly to pick up the words I am teaching her. If I attempt to go away before repeating these twice or thrice I am at once whistled back again. After this I say "Good-bye!" and pretend I am going, but she now whistles the first two notes of "The Carnival of Venice," and I must whistle the first half of this beautiful air over to her several times. Her wrapt attention while I am doing so is quite a study. She has nearly mastered this, and the variations appear to afford her very great delight; she is also trying to learn "Marion Lee."

But her own impromptu whistling is most remarkably shrill, clear, and beautiful. No mistake in melody and tone, and the flats or sharps she throws in are never misplaced. I tell my friends she is composing an opera and that she has invited me to write the libretto.

If my St. Bernard is brought near the cage

she barks like a dog. If Linten Lowerin, my pet cat, is presented to her, she mews at him in a mocking way. Linten has a strange kind of growl if one attempts to lift him against his will, and this Polly can imitate to perfection, and I don't think Linten likes it either.

The above was written a month ago, and since then Polly Gordon has learned a new tune of far lower caste, namely, "Off she goes and away she went." She insists now upon my whistling this to her first, and "The Carnival" next. There is no getting out of it, for she shouts "Edward!" as soon as I turn to go. The amusing part of it is that she sometimes whistles bar and bar about of the two. I have told her that I object to write a libretto to any such medley as that.

In the scullery is a pump that creaks; this she imitates so well that one could not tell the difference. She entertains herself for minutes at a time with this sound.

More than once on hearing it I have said, "Oh! that is Foley" (my man servant); "I'll send him down with the post-bag." When I hurry through, lo! there is no Foley there, only Polly pumping. If anyone takes up a tumbler she immediately makes the exact sound of water filling it.

But she cannot only whistle splendidly but sing as well, and this she does best when I beat time to her with a spoon on the top of her cage. Moreover, she can sustain a conversation between two people, a gentleman and lady, first a sentence in a low, manly voice, and next one in soft, gentle tones.

She sees something ridiculously funny about my youngest daughter, whom she treats quite as a child. "Teet-a-boo! teet-a-boo!" she cries whenever Ida enters, then laughs in the most ridiculous manner, but it is a laugh that is most infectious, for nobody can help joining in.

Of course this wonderful bird has fresh seed every morning, what she has left being given to my five hundred sparrows with about half a loaf of bread, but Polly has always had a bit of everything going. "Polly would like some, poor Polly! Poor dear old, old Polly! Give her a bit!"

This in a sadly plaintive voice that none could withstand. But her chief delight is a strip of fried bacon-rind with a little fat adhering. Yet when enjoying this, if I come in and begin whistling to her she stops eating at once, and listens most intently, a bonnie eye fixed on mine, standing on one leg, and keeping time gently with the bacon-rind as if it were a band-conductor's baton. It is very funny.

Sometimes she gets a teaspoon with a bit of pudding on it. After cleaning it, she says "Scratch poor Poll!" and suiting the action to the word, rubs the back of her head with it. She scratches her poll with a bone or a bit of hard wood, repeating the same words.

At times she gets a small marrow-bone, and after cleaning it out she fills it with seed, and



eats it out of the bone. I could not in so short a paper tell you one half of the antics and tricks and talks of my dear pet, Polly Gordon. But I must mention one thing. Everyone knows how pigeons feed their young—with half-digested food from their own stomachs. Well, the greatest compliment Polly can pay anyone she loves is to bring up a stone from her gizzard and place it gently in one's hand with a look of love that has to be seen to be believed in. Then she bends her bonnie head and utters that plaintive most musical "Woo-oo-oo!"

And yet there are people who think that parrots do not know what they are doing or talking about.

#### LINTEN LOWERIN.

Linten is a grand and beautiful half-bred Persian. He is in my wigwam as I write, lying asleep on my favourite cushioned chair. He knows I won't disturb him, however tired I may be. He is a tabby, and longish in hair, with a beautiful white breast, which he always keeps immaculately white, and his head is large and, as a rule, good-natured looking. His ears are short, and so is his face generally.

He used to come to see me occasionally before he became mine, as many a dog does; then his owner departed and left him, and here he is.

Linten is wiser than many a human being. He is self-willed, however, and nothing can prevent him from doing what he has set his heart upon.

He takes existence very easy, and apparently has mapped out his life and habits, and never deviates a jot from this map. In all his ways he is independent, and woe be to anyone who lifts him up if he doesn't choose to be lifted up! He growls like a tiger; then Polly Gordon mocks him. This makes Linten mad, and he slaps one's face, but only with a gloved hand, and if he bites it is merely a grip.

I am afraid that he says bad words.

He opens a door with his claws, but if the door doesn't give out at once, how he does apostrophise it, to be sure. If His Highness Linten Lowerin is walking down the garden, and anyone is going behind, he first growls, then turns round and attacks one's leg. He is angry, but never hurts.

It is Linten's pleasure to stay out all night sometimes, but he always appears with the milkman in the morning. Even if the night be stormy, he has the coach-house to sleep in. Besides, I have a cat-hole in the gable of my book-room. From this a passage leads to my wigwam proper, and there is my easy-chair to sleep in. Oh, Linten knows his way about, I can assure you. He is afraid of nothing—not even of dogs. The other day a gentleman called at the house who had with him a very "varmint-looking" fox-terrier. He was left outside, but when I opened the hall door, very much surprised indeed were my visitor and I to find Linten and Vixen sitting cheek by jowl on the doorstep.

Between Lassie, my beautiful caravan dog, and Linten the greatest friendship exists. Like Polly Gordon, he has a particular taste in food, and this is mashed potatoes without milk.

But Linten, with all his queer and loving ways, has one fault. My place is quite a jungle or arboretum, and birds build in every hedge, bush, and tree. The front and back gables are buried in ivy, wisteria, green-gage, and roses, and I never take down a nest. I counted, last summer, twenty-one sparrows' nests in the wisteria-tree, so I breed about two thousand of these little-understood birds every year.

They all know me, and come to my whistle to be fed. So I love them. And Linten's fault is that he helps himself to one occasionally. I find the feathers and tail; besides, he knows he has done wrong, and *looks* guilty.

Well, well, he is a queer cat.

"If to his fate some feline errors fall,  
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all."

#### FAIR HELEN OF TROY.

With the exception of my celebrated champion Theodore Nero, I have never had a dog who loved me so much as Fair Helen of Troy, called Lassie, for short. Poor Nero sleeps soundly enough now in my cemetery of pets under the pine-trees, the holly, and laburnum at the foot of my back lawn. But so foolishly fond of me was he that, when on board H.M.S. *Pembroke*, if an officer wanted to caress him—the dog was a great favourite with all hands—Nero jumped up, put his paws on my shoulder, and licked my ear, as much as to say, "I own no master save one, and him alone I love."

But there is no describing the love that Lassie bears for me. Her gentle eyes seem ever on me. In the morning I find her standing by the railing of her own paddock, eagerly watching for me as I come down from the house through the orchard garden. We always have a little "spoon" first thing. Then I begin work. Her large and comfortable cage kennel—which altogether is about 13 feet by 7 feet, the cage being covered with galvanised iron, except the front, on which there is a canvas screen on a roller—adjoins my wigwam, and all round it is Lassie's private paddock. The screen is let down at nightfall. She can roam about at her free will by day. Of course she knows enough to go in out of a shower, and that is more than a good many human beings do. But I take her into the wigwam with me every forenoon and evening, and she lies contentedly enough on a skin rug in front of the stove. If, however, I throw down my pen and stretch myself on the sofa for a few minutes, she considers herself on guard, and any stranger who should enter then would feel sorry he had got out of bed that morning. It would be a hospital case. While resting thus, if I but sigh she gets up



and comes silently and softly towards me. If I keep my eyes closed she lies down again. If they are open she jumps for joy, jumps on me, too—I mean with her fore-paws—and licks my hair, my ears, my very clothes. Her joy is as great as if we had been parted for a whole week.

But Lassie is somewhat boisterous in her love-making when I let her out of her private paddock into the main orchard paddock. Her play is very rough. If I did not show her my penholder—my only weapon of defence—she would half eat me for love and joy. She would tear my plaid off my shoulders. Then, when driven off by the penholder, she brings me a stick and challenges me to "the tug-of-war," and I am bound to confess she wins the game as often as I do. Then there is a triumphant scamper round and round the paddock. Presently Bryan o' Lynn, my beautiful Landseer Newfoundland, is let into the paddock, and the fun becomes fast and furious. The two go in for mock warfare, and the noise is like that of two lions fighting.

About my penholder. When she skips up the stairs that lead to the verandah of the wigwam, and I let her in, she is inclined to dance about and upset things.

"Lie down!" I say.

"I won't!" she replies ("Wouff-wow!").

Then I take the penholder and hold it up.

"By the way," I say quite calmly, "have you seen this? It's sudden descent across the nose makes the eyes water."

She lies down at once, but wriggling and curling her lips into a smile that is very funny indeed.

Lassie very much objects to me wearing trowsers. She loves knickerbockers and the kilt, which I generally wear. If I have trowsers on, she backs astern and barks at me, then rushes forward and tries with her nose to lift the trowser-leg.

Before getting any food, she, and Bryan o' Lynn also, have not only to ask a blessing, but also say "Yes."

The blessing is this. She stretches out her forelegs, and bends her head till the chin touches the toes. The "Yes" is distinct enough, only Lassie's "Yes" is half an octave higher than the Newfoundland's.

But the funniest thing is that, when told to do so, she says her prayers. And what a prayer! A wild comminglement of bark, howl, and growl. And so loud! When Lassie says her prayers you can hear her quite half a mile off.

When she goes down the village with me of an evening she runs ahead to visit the shops which she favours with her custom. In she rushes and at once asks a blessing, and always has a bit of cheese or a bun.

Every night she has a large cup of tea and some bread and butter, which she dearly loves.

Lassie is fond of music. I know that, because she lies and listens while I play the fiddle or guitar. For half an hour this morning a piper in full Highland dress (late of the 93rd) has been playing to me, and Lassie was as pleased as my Scottish self.

In the caravan in summer she is a splendid guard. She sleeps in the *coupé* under canvas all night. And this beautiful St. Bernard, so gentle with those she knows, and so tender and loving to children, is transformed into a wild and furious tiger if anyone comes into the field where the Wanderer Caravan is pitched at night. Were a highwayman to attempt to attack me I should not require to make use of my revolvers; Lassie would throttle and kill him, as sure as fate.

Gentle and loving in peace, she is terrible in her wrath.

Such is Fair Helen of Troy, the granddaughter of the celebrated champion Plinlimmon.

Plinlimmon was sold for £1,000, and went to America and acted in a play on the stage. He was supposed to be shot, and to fall down dead.

He acted well, but, even when laid low, wagged his tail. Now, as a rule, dead dogs don't wag their tails.

In a future number I hope to tell the life story of Bryan o' Lynn, and of a splendid and gorgeous-eyed lizard, of which my daughter makes a pet, named Gentle Johnnie.

But all I have said in this paper points to the fact, that God's creatures have vastly more intelligence than most people give them credit for.

And love alone can draw it out.



# SECOND ON THOUGHTS BOOKS AND MEN

Literature and  
Poverty.

In his "Autobiography" Gibbon says: "A gentleman possessed of leisure and independence, of books and talents, may be encouraged to write by the distant prospect of honour and reward; but wretched is the author, and wretched will be the work, where daily diligence is stimulated by daily hunger." The biographies of men of letters show the fallacy of this statement, and had the historian looked no farther than his own age he would have had striking proofs of the stimulus given to literary labour by the want of money. But to win the means of living as well as the honour due to letters were motives which prompted men to toil long before the age of Gibbon. Very few of the great Elizabethan authors were men of "leisure and independence," and some of them, like Bunyan later on, learnt the uses of adversity in a prison. A few of the Queen Anne wits, too, could testify to the

"Ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail,"

ills with which Johnson, who wrote the lines, had been painfully familiar. If ever man wrote to live it was the author of "Rasselas," and the struggle with poverty developed all that was best and bravest in that heroic man. Assuredly it was not independence and leisure that prompted the exquisite genius of Goldsmith, that made an essayist of Steele, or a poet of Thomson. Poets, too, like Southey and Wordsworth in early manhood suffered from impecuniosity, but no one can say that their work was "wretched" in consequence. And coming nearer to our own day, we have in Carlyle a striking and brilliant illustration of the falsity of the historian's opinion. Carlyle, as all his readers know, felt keenly the chain of poverty. He detested the craft of authorship as a profession, and found it "galling and heart-burning to live on the precarious windfalls of literature." Yet it is to daily diligence, prompted by daily need, that we are indebted for the thirty or forty volumes which the great Scotchman has left as a legacy to his country.—J. D.

Wordsworth's  
Ideal Man and  
Woman.

Had Wordsworth written nothing else, he should have

"The laurel meed of mighty conquerors  
And poets sage"

in recognition of the beauty of perfection and charm of possibleness with which he has endowed his ideal man and woman. Who that has read "The Happy Warrior," and "She was a Phantom of Delight," can deny that the paragons therein described are most humanly lovable?

Only a mighty poet could so transmute prose into poetry. You *know* these people. They are equally good as hosts or guests. People to take long railway journeys with, to lend umbrellas to, or borrow books from, equally welcome in the average as well as in the great and little moments of life. He is as good company over a pipe, as in a committee, or on board a sinking ship. She is as appreciative in listening when you read aloud something funny as she is quick-witted and gentle when you are moaning on a sick bed. It goes without saying they would be the very people for some of us to choose as husbands or wives, and for all the rest of us to cherish as friends. Withal, and although we cannot study these characters without an involuntary longing to mould ourselves on them (so subtle is the didactic infusion), the supreme impression left on the reader's mind is one of poetic beauty, and he is prepared to concur in Matthew Arnold's dictum, that, in his judgment, "*Wordsworth's poetry is the most important work done in verse in our language during the present century.*"—J. M. S. M.

Action the  
Basis of Art.

Actions of some practical kind are always found to precede and underlie the literature and art which may seem to prove the most formidable agencies against ancient evil. A battering-ram must have ground from which to work, and those who lay down their own hearts and lives in some human service furnish this basis for the poets and the story-tellers.—I. F. M.

Early Speculation. We are surprised at the profound speculation of early thinkers. But the closer men are to the confines of knowledge the more conscious they are of their relations to the unknown. The puzzling questions put by children are due to the same cause. In early times knowledge was like an island in the ocean of ignorance. Men soon reached the shore and saw beyond them the infinite. Now knowledge is a continent where men may wander all their lives and never behold the sea. When knowledge was limited the whole circle of it could be grasped. A man may hold the acorn in his hand but not the oak. We are a generation of specialists. We live in a palace it is true, but we each occupy only one room, and few find time to climb to the battlements and become conscious of the vast sublime overhead.—A. R.

Our forefathers were as strong as ourselves. They could walk and run as far, but they could not take an express train. They could shout as loud, but they had not the telephone. They could see and hear as well, or better, but we have the telescope and the stethoscope. We go beyond them by means of our appliances. We are the pigmy on the shoulders of the giant, and the giant is machinery.—A. R.

Knowledge should be a lamp to give light, not a torch to kindle a conflagration.

The rust of character must be rubbed off by action.

The vain man carries too much sail for his ballast.

He who always pleases himself is seldom pleasing to others.

It is a green wood in which there are no withered branches.

General information is often very particular ignorance.—A. R.

We are always the better for having our faults pointed out, but sometimes very much the worse for the way in which this is done. Tooth-drawing can never be pleasant, but it makes a difference whether the operation is performed with the forceps of a dentist or the pincers of a blacksmith.—A. R.

New Plans of Life. Is it not odd how many people break up old ways of life and start into new ones while they are under unhappy or depressing influences? The young woman earning her bread in a strange and unkindly household, or the young man struggling with adverse and treacherous competition, is often tempted to rush into matrimonial engagements with the first smooth tongue

that flatters or the first pretty face that smiles! But is not this as foolish as it would be to lay out new roads in a fog?—I. F. M.

The Common-wealth of Books. Our Books "are too much with us." Mind you not Old Alexandria's story?—how they fired

Its shelves, and fed its huge bath furnaces With ancient scrolls, till all its precious script Curled to light ash—three hundred thousand tomes? Suppose that we, with zeal regenerate, Consigned *our* books to smoke, out-topped St. Paul's With million-volumed pile, and saw the winds Scatter the singed and blackened wisdom far— Say, were it loss?

Gone all the incubus of laboured lore,  
The sophist's art, the tricks of grammared speech,  
False rhetoric, the rage of warring creeds,  
And many-tongued philosophies all nought;  
Dreams of vain glory bound in calf, problems  
Too hard for man embossed in asses' skin;  
Romances wild with follies—weakling words  
With never comma of stray sense between:  
*Were it not gain*, to see them all exhale?  
Time was, when great men thought, and did not  
spell,  
Wrote with their mark x, but published mighty  
facts;  
And kings have been, could rule, and yet not read!

Books, what burn the books?  
As well burn our best friends, destroy the schools,  
Smite dumb our teachers, write the world a blank—  
Blind every Homer, or drop turtles down  
On the bare pate of every Æschylus.  
What, sirs! hang our physicians,—dash the cup  
That cheers? As well trample the fragrant blooms,  
Stifle the airs that waken laggard souls;  
Or block the pathway by which Freedom wins!

A world of thought to be reploughed and sown,  
Each soul to gather for its little need;  
The chaff to choke the highways, and the corn  
Of true life to be garnered day by day,  
A handful at a time: were that all well?  
Each puny spirit to experiment,  
And fail or win untaught? Were all the years  
Of all the spheres combined enough for us,  
So separate?

Books are the commonwealth.  
They blend a people's life; they sow the breadths  
Where all may reap; the nation's treasury,  
Their gold lies free; they are the rich estate  
Of poorest men.

Search for the Books that live.  
Let hard-won fact or rounded thought each fall  
Through gradual years in place, as part to whole.  
The exercises of proportioned truth  
Make sinewy souls.

W. S.

## IRISH SKETCHES.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "DANIA," ETC.

### TWO OBSTINATE OLD WOMEN.

THE fear and the dread of the workhouse are upon all the poor. In England the sturdy independence of the race abhors, as uttermost shame, the parish bread. For me its sentiment is incarnate in an old Westmorland woman of eighty-four. It is nearly twenty years since I saw her, but at this moment I can recall, with singular vividness, her gaunt, lean, vigorous personality. Her fingers were all twisted with rheumatism, yet she still managed to hold her knitting-needles, and to wring from them the two shillings a week which was her chief support. Sixpence a day was the goal that she kept in view; but that was an ideal, an ambition—not an achievement. Sometimes, nodding and shivering deep into the night, she did actually finish four of the sailor's caps at which she wrought, and so earned the full, sufficient sixpence. Often, however, the flesh—never the spirit—failed at fourpence halfpenny. And once or twice in every week the bunched and knotted hands, with their knuckles like white cornelian stones, refused to stumble on beyond the half-way house—the cold, unfilling threepence.

I remember how she discussed—with what grim authority of the experienced flesh—the relative value of coffee and tea. Tea was a deal more heartsome, but there was more stay in coffee. A body would never get through on tea.

Twenty years ago! What has become of her? It is possible that even now—for she came of a stiff old race, wonderful in its longevity—helped a little by the clergymen, she holds the Parish at the length of her bright needles. But that is hardly likely. More probably the neighbours found her, in the grey nip of some winter morning, the unfinished cap on her knees, sitting over a white grate, with her hands a little stiffer than usual. I cannot think she ever set down her needles, and lay back in her chair, giving up the fight. The arm of the House is long, and sooner or later reaches nearly all the poor whose lives have gathered no supports, or have survived the patience or the power to help of their kin. But that old woman, I feel sure, held the long arm off. Stern and self-contained, utterly without imagination, she was yet the embodiment of a sentiment. In her had many generations of northern English self-respect attained their culmination. The stronger types of character are dying out. If she has gone, she will hardly come again.

In Ireland it is not so much the spirit of independence that stands out against the House as the rich-veined humanity, the widespread sociality of the people. Moreover, an Irishman is never, or next to never, a mere product of the town. Almost always his heart keeps open a way back to green fields. Almost always as he lolls and dreams he hears a laugh of gay leaves, a murmur and lisp of water. The towns are very seldom large, and one has pretty pastoral peeps from the heart of the busiest streets. The Irishman shrinks from the great gaunt stone walls. For him they do make a prison and a cage.

With that no doubt blend less worthy feelings—dislike of order, of submission to rules, of ways comparatively cleanly. Terence is shy of a duster. Besoms are an offence unto him: he cannot away with the mop. But there is worse than any of these—the bath, the brown compulsory bath. From that he recoils. What! will they invade the sanctuary of a man's very skin? Is nothing secret, nothing sacred? Besides, the unknown is always the awful. It is the bath that keeps waverers afar.

I remember one old man who had been made to pass through water, and had survived the unnatural outrage. But loud and strong was his testimony against its evil effects. "They put me into a wash of hot water," he said, "and I am dry bones ever since. They have all the goodness stewed out of me."

In contrast with that brave old Westmorland body of whom I lately spoke, I think of a poor old Irish woman.

With us the supreme bereavement confers a title. She was the Widow Wallace.

For many years, in accordance with her privilege in this kindly country, she had lived on the charity of her neighbours, gathering her meat in a blue bag, an acknowledged dependent of the whole glen. I doubt if there were three families in the parish whose income, strangely composite, was equivalent to a pound a week. Folks with half that total were esteemed not too badly off at all. Yet the widow knocked as confidently as a tax-gatherer would have done in a neighbourhood where such a person has functions. Nobody ever thought of refusing her.

But at length there came a day when the widow could no more seek her meat from God. She was old beyond her somewhat uncertain years—sixty or seventy—lame, broken, clouded in her wits. The good family, which for years



had given her room beside the turf fire to sit and to lie, and had often taxed for her its teapot and its smoking heap of potatoes, could not keep her altogether. Gently, tactfully, delicately, it was hinted to her that she would be better off elsewhere. I doubt—so allusive is the Irish peasant's speech—if ever the grim word Workhouse was allowed to hurt her ears, but the Workhouse was made to compass her in a very atmosphere of suggestion. "Elsewhere" is a wide word, embracing an airy range of choice. But the collocation of circumstances narrowed its scope. It stood for the Workhouse. What other "elsewhere" exists for broken and wandering-witted age?

It was put to me that I ought to persuade the Widow to "go in." So I went to her, and painted a finished—possibly even an over-elaborated—picture of the good things which Bumble and his board have prepared for their guests. I enlarged upon the high and stimulating diet, the spacious airiness of the dining and other halls, the downy softness of the couches in the large and numerous attended dormitories. I explained how respectable, how thoroughly representative, was the society. I even mentioned that this embraced members of the clergy. But it was all in vain. The Widow said nothing, only staring at me with dimly distrustful, darkly disapproving eyes. But, silent as she remained, she renounced my suggestion with every bit of her trembling body

I saw that I was wasting my words; it is hopeless to argue with a physical refusal.

However, I went over my ground a second time, and then asked her if the prospect did not please her as an exchange for reluctant straw and grudging Indian meal? The Widow would not commit herself to any definite speech this way or that. But, knowing me as a new-comer from across the Channel, she questioned the sufficiency of my experience. I shall never forget her words.

"They do be telling me," she said, "they are a deal more affectionate to 'em in the English workhouses."

That was too much. To workhouse courtesy, liberality, attentiveness, I had pledged myself somewhat deeply. But there is a modesty of optimism, and I certainly had not dwelt on the affectionateness of Bumble. Listening to the Widow, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry. I think I did both.

She refused to go. That night she lay down on the mud floor, and in the morning they could not make her get up. Three days she lay on, breathing hard, making no sign in answer to shout or shake. On the fourth day her hand, if lifted, fell stiffly back.

They shut her eyes down with two pennies, and then there was nothing more that they could do for her.

So the Widow Wallace was no great expense to the parish. She only troubled it for a coffin.

## Tired Fishers.

DAWN glimmers on the sea,  
Morning has come again,  
The lamp that burns for me  
Shines through the misty rain:  
Shines on, nor shines in vain,  
Swiftly we touch the shore,  
Then climb the sandy lane,  
And so reach home once more.

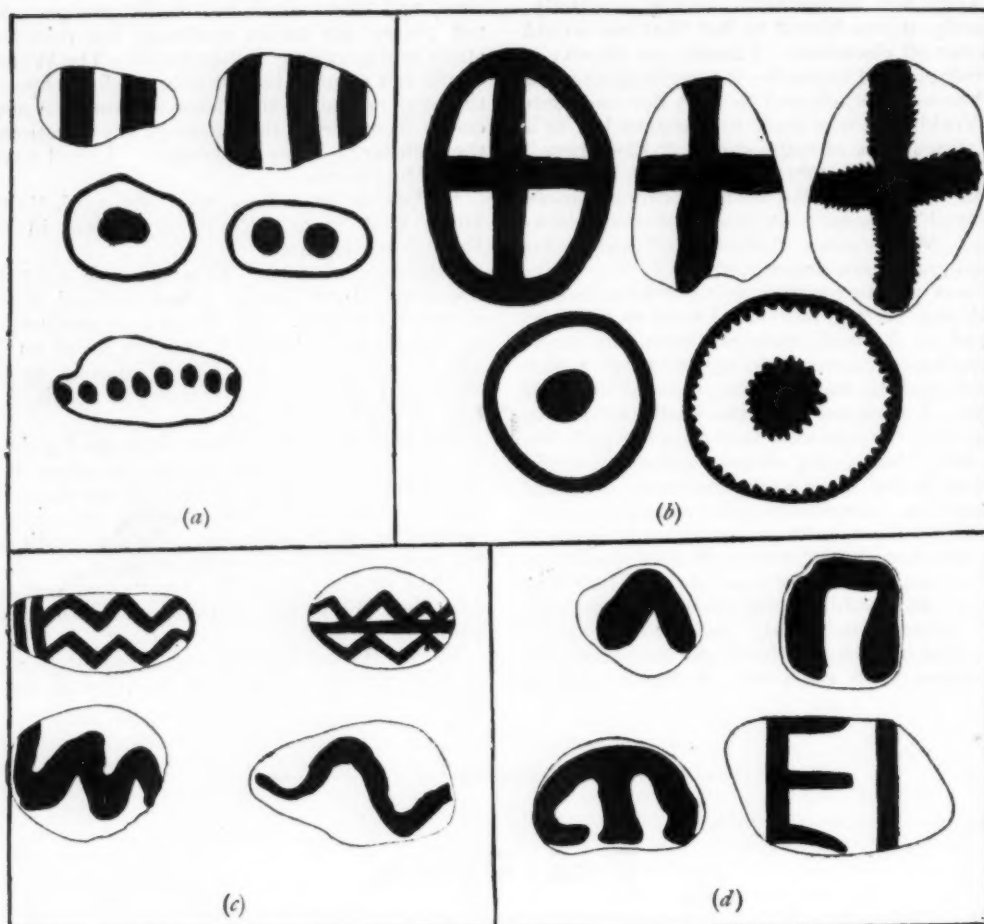
Rest comes with morning: we  
Who brave the wind and rain  
Lift thankful hearts to see  
The light appear again.  
Though all our toil be vain,  
We draw our boats ashore  
To the harbour by the lane—  
And so reach home once more.

Our babes climb to our knee,  
Outside beat wind and rain,  
And moanings of the sea  
Soothe us to sleep again.  
The waves may howl in vain  
For we are safe on shore:  
In dreams we climb the lane,  
And so reach home once more.

Man's faith is not in vain,  
A light shines on the shore,  
We need but climb the lane,  
And so reach Home once more.

NORAH M'CORMICK.

## Science and Discovery.



PREHISTORIC SIGNS AND SYMBOLS. A, NUMERALS; B, SYMBOLS; C, PICTOGRAPHIC SIGNS; D, ALPHABETICAL CHARACTERS. (REDUCED TO ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE.)

### THE EXTENT AND VELOCITY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF DECEMBER 17, 1896.

In Symon's "Meteorological Magazine" more than four hundred observations of the earthquake of December 17, 1896, are brought together and discussed. Two or three of the conclusions derived from the examination of this mass of material are worth putting on record. Apparently the area affected was 350 miles in diameter, and contained 100,000 square miles. Injury was done to buildings within a region containing about 4,000 square miles, and extending from Tortworth (Gloucester) to Manchester. The chief damage was done in the southern portion of this, including part of the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester. The times at which the shocks were felt may be classified thus:

	A.M.
Within 30 miles of Hereford . . .	5.32
30 to 60 miles from Hereford . . .	5.33
60 to 90 miles from Hereford . . .	5.34
90 to 120 miles from Hereford . . .	5.35
120 to 150 miles from Hereford . . .	5.36

The rate of progress of the earthquake wave appears, therefore, to have been about thirty miles a minute from Hereford as a centre.

### WRITING AND ARITHMETIC OF CAVE-DWELLERS.

In a cave which was the habitation of prehistoric men at Mas-d'Azil, France, above a deposit containing bones of the reindeer, red deer, horse, bear, wolf, etc., Mons. E. Piette has found a layer of pebbles upon which various interesting devices are painted in red. Three distinct epochs are represented in the cave by three layers possessing different characteristics. The lowest layer tells of a cold period when reindeer hunters of France inhabited the cave, and made harpoons and needles of reindeer bones. A warmer period followed, and the reindeer passed away. The race of reindeer hunters also became extinct, their successors in the cave devoting themselves more to cultivation than the chase. This was the period when smooth pebbles were taken from the bed of the river Arise close by,

and quaint forms painted in red upon them. A third deposit, containing great quantities of a land-snail which flourishes in a warm, humid climate, covered the painted pebbles. Some of the characters on the stones are shown in black and white in the accompanying illustration. The group A apparently represents numbers. The lines range from one to eight, and no stones are marked with more than the latter number. The spots represent another order of figures, and Mons. Piette suggests that they indicate nines or tens—one spot representing one nine; two spots, two nines, and so on. As regards symbols (Group B), the sign of the cross, and what probably indicates the solar disc, or a sun deity, are very abundant. Pebbles upon which are painted wavy bands and water-marks, as in Group C of the illustration, are also common. But the most striking markings are those shown in Group D, which are taken to indicate phonetic characters; and it is a significant fact that thirteen out of twenty-three Phœnician alphabetical characters occur upon these stones. Though all Mons. Piette's interpretations of the designs may not be accepted, it is certain that the pebbles from the cave at Mas-d'Azil throw light upon a very obscure period in the history of human culture.

#### THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF EELS.

Since the days of Aristotle the mode of development of the common eel has been a mystery. In many parts of the country it is still believed that when a horsehair is left in a stream or lake for a little while it assumes life, and finally becomes an eel. This, of course, is a complete delusion, like many other theories propounded to explain the eel's origin. Only within the last two or three years has accurate information been obtained upon the subject. It has long been known that large eels pass from rivers into the sea at certain seasons, and that diminutive young eels, called in this country elvers, ascend the rivers in enormous numbers. But until Professor Grassi, of Rome, investigated the matter, no one in any country had been able to discover how the elvers were produced. Grassi has proved that the eels which annually descend the rivers travel very long distances, until they reach deep parts of the ocean. The eggs are deposited in depths of about 250 fathoms (no depth so great as this is found nearer than the Bay of Biscay), and they develop into strange, colourless, transparent, thin-bodied creatures, which were thought to be a special family of fishes, but which are now known to be really the larvæ of eels. After attaining a certain size the larva ceases to feed, its body shrinks, and it assumes the very different form of the elver which ascends our rivers. A more wonderful series of changes than that thus revealed would be difficult to find. Professor Grassi's patient and long-continued labours were recognised at the last anniversary meeting of the Royal Society by the award of a medal.

#### DEEP MINES AND UNDERGROUND TEMPERATURES.

In a recent lecture on mining at great depths, Mr. Bennett H. Brough, secretary of the Iron and Steel

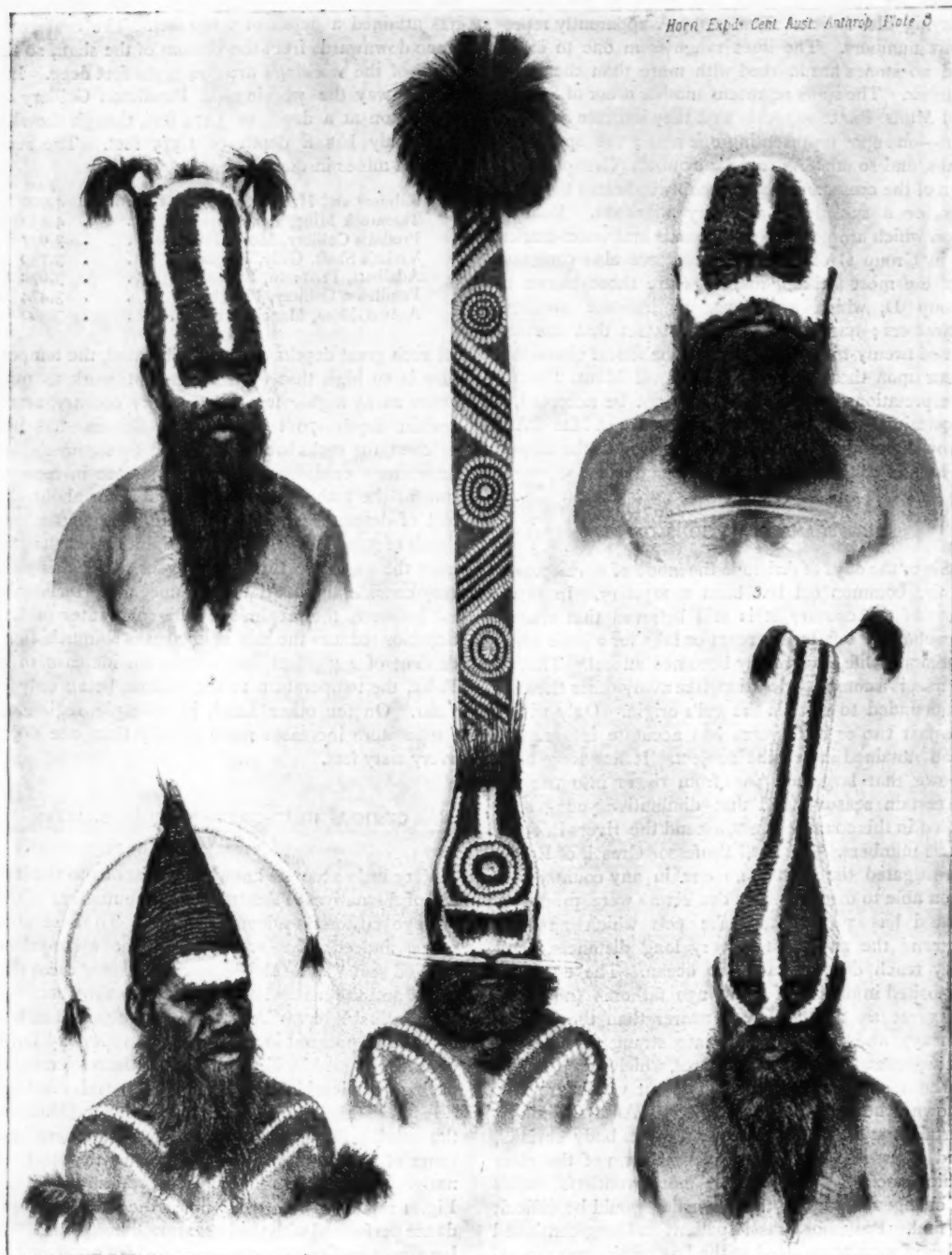
Institute, brought together some interesting facts with reference to the depths hitherto attained in mines, and the temperatures met with at different levels. The deepest mine shaft in the United Kingdom is that of the Ashton Moss Colliery, near Manchester, which has attained a depth of 2,880 feet. The coal seams slope downwards from the bottom of the shaft, so that parts of the workings are now 3,360 feet deep. In a similar way the workings at Pendleton Colliery are carried on at a depth of 3,474 feet, though the shaft itself only has a depth of 1,575 feet. The seven deepest mines in the world are:

	Feet
Calumet and Hecla Mine, Lake Superior . . .	4,900
Tamarack Mine, Lake Superior . . .	4,450
Produits Colliery, Mons, Belgium . . .	3,937
Vivier's Shaft, Gilly, Belgium . . .	3,750
Adalbert, Przibram, Bohemia . . .	3,672
Pendleton Colliery, Manchester . . .	3,474
Ashton Moss, Manchester . . .	3,360

At such great depths as those tabulated, the temperature is so high that the men cannot work as many hours as at higher levels. In every country, after a certain depth—70 feet in Great Britain—has been reached, the rocks are not affected by summer's heat or winter's cold, but gradually increase in temperature at the rate of one degree Fahr. for about sixty feet of descent. At this rate the temperature at a depth of 3,600 feet would be 60° Fahr. higher than that near the surface. But local causes affect this result very considerably. At the Calumet and Hecla mine, for instance, the proximity of the cold water of Lake Superior reduces the rate of increases so much that a descent of 4,475 feet only causes an increase of 20° Fahr., the temperature at the bottom being only 79° Fahr. On the other hand, in volcanic regions the temperature increases more rapidly than one degree every sixty feet.

#### CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.

Very little accurate knowledge exists as to the inner life of the natives of Australia and the motives of their strange customs and superstitions. To these aborigines, indeed, the remark may be appropriately applied that "as a rule the men who know them don't write, and the men who write don't know them." A most valuable contribution to the subject has, however, now appeared in the form of a report by Dr. E. C. Stirling and Mr. F. J. Gillen, of observations made during a scientific expedition to Central Australia. (Messrs. Dulau and Co. are the English publishers of the work.) The illustrations reproduced here show some of the ceremonial head-dresses with which the natives adorn themselves upon certain occasions. Fig. 1 represents the make-up of the chief actor in a dance performed with the idea of producing rain. The long erect and ornamented structure is of wood, and the pattern on it, like those on the face, helmet, and body, is made with down caused to adhere with blood. The plume at the summit is of emu feathers. A bone through the septum of the nose, and a beard tied up in a bunch, are other distinctive features. Some of the regulation patterns worn at dancing festivals are



HEAD-DRESSES OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

(From Report on the Work of the Horn Scientific Expedition.)



shown in figs. 2-5. The white band crossing the bridge of the nose and the cheeks of two of the men is a very common device. The semicircular appendage to the helmet of No. 4 is made of a bundle of grass stems, closely bound round with whitened native string. Singing and dancing festivals performed by Australian natives decorated in these ways often take place. Some arise out of exuberance of spirit, but others are designed either as invocations to promote the supply of various sources of food, or to serve the purpose of ceremonial functions attaching to the most sacred rites of the natives.

#### TURNER'S LIGHTNING FLASHES COMPARED WITH NATURE.

It is now pretty widely known that the conventional way in which artists represent lightning by forked lines is quite unknown in Nature. In the ability to accurately depict the flash, Turner stands in front of all who have attempted the task. In the *Quarterly Journal of the "Royal Meteorological Society"* Mr. Richard Inwards compares representations of lightning in several of Turner's pictures with some of the photographs in the possession of the Society, and he finds that they convey faithfully to the mind all that the highest powers of sight could discover in the phenomena. The accompanying illustration is an

example of Turner's work, from the picture of the Bass Rock, in the Bay of Firth, reproduced side by side with a photograph of a real flash of lightning. It will be seen that Turner has caught the general form and character of the rapid contortions



TURNER'S LIGHTNING.



PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING.

and abrupt curves of the lightning with amazing fidelity. Well may Mr. Inwards quote the eulogium passed by Ruskin on this great master of painting: "Unfathomable in knowledge, solitary in power . . . sent as a prophet to reveal to men the mysteries of the universe."—R. A. GREGORY.

## Continental Notes.

Rosa Bonheur. Mdle. Rosa Bonheur, who has now nearly reached her seventy-fifth year, but whose marvellous energy is by no means exhausted, lately contributed some very interesting autobiographic notes to the "*Revue des Revues*," under the heading "The Life of an Artist." From these we learn that before she began to cultivate her taste for art she was apprenticed to a dressmaker. She, however, soon abandoned an occupation that she felt was not suited to her for the more congenial one of painting kaleidoscopic views. Her first painted study from Nature was a bunch of cherries. A little later she was earning her living as a copyist in the Louvre, where her independent air and style of dress—already tending to masculine simplicity—obtained for her the sobriquet of the "Little Hussar." In 1853 her picture of the "Horse Fair" made her suddenly famous, and

revealed to the world an animal painter of extraordinary vigour and truth. This work was bought by M. Gambard for 40,000 fr., and by being exhibited in the United States it produced 300,000 fr. Thus Rosa Bonheur was only a little over thirty when she began to obtain high prices for her pictures. Thenceforth her good fortune continued without interruption. In 1858 she bought her charming retreat at By, in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, where she has continued to live ever since. It may be remembered that when Fontainebleau was in the hands of the Germans in 1870, special measures were taken by the Crown Prince of Prussia to ensure respect being shown for Mdle. Bonheur's property. It pleases her to speak in this sketch of her life of the various marks of favour shown her by Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. The Emperor, she tells

us, gave her the right to shoot in the forest surrounding her own park. She gives an amusing description of her consternation when, dressed in masculine clothes, as is her wont when painting, a visit from the Empress was announced. "I had only just time," she writes, "to throw a petticoat over my cloth trousers and to exchange my long blue blouse for a velvet jacket." The Empress came to tell Mdlle. Bonheur that she had been admitted to the Order of the Legion of Honour, and, after kissing the artist, she pinned the Cross to her jacket. Mdlle. Bonheur thus describes her present life at Fontainebleau: "I live like a peasant. I rise early and go to bed late. In the early morning I take a turn in the garden with my dog, and then drive in the forest of Fontainebleau in a pony-cart. At nine I am seated before my easel, and I work until half-past eleven. Then I breakfast simply, smoke a cigarette, and glance at the papers. I take up the brush again at one o'clock, and at five I make a fresh excursion. I like to see the sun setting behind the great forest trees. My dinner is as modest as my breakfast. I close my day with reading, and the books that I prefer are those that treat of travel, hunting, and history."

What a reproof does this lady of seventy-five convey to those who waste their time, and what a noble view she takes of work in the following passage: "Before commencing a picture I give long study to my subject, preparing myself for the task by an attentive and conscientious study of Nature. I look for my sky and the ground suited to my idea, and I do not draw a line before I have found them. I am guided only by the desire of rendering truth and simplicity as well as possible. Study and work have never tired me. Still to-day, as throughout my life, my greatest happiness lies here, for assiduous work alone can bring us near the solution of the problem—perhaps insolvable—of ever-changing Nature, a problem which more than any other raises the soul by filling it with thoughts of justice, goodness, and charity."

France and Germany: Decrease and Increase of Population.

Before the century is out we are likely to see some extraordinary legislative measures taken in France with the object of averting the national disaster threatened by a declining or stationary population. According to present signs these measures will be of a fiscal character. Already a man who rears seven children is relieved of the tax on furniture, and this principle will probably be extended. We may even see the levying of a tax upon unmarried men who have reached a certain age. It is difficult to understand how much confidence can be placed in such remedies; but the situation is a very serious one, and those who think of the nation's future, patriotically and philosophically, are in the humour to make desperate experiments. The second of two congresses for "protecting and increasing the population" has been held in Paris. There is truly matter for consternation from a French point of view in the following observations made at the latest of these gatherings by Dr. Bertillon:

"Fifty years ago the population of France and of

Germany were about equal. To-day Germany has fourteen million more inhabitants than France. If the decline of population continues here, Germany, fourteen years hence, will have twice as many conscripts as France. The danger is incalculable: it means the rapid disappearance of our nationality, because a vacuum in our case, as in meteorology, must draw the storm. This tempest will be the consequence of too dense a population on the other side of the Vosges."

According to statistics which have lately been made much use of for purposes of argument in France, the average annual excess of births as compared to deaths per 1,000 inhabitants during the last hundred years has been 13 in England, 12 in Germany, 8 in Italy, 7 in Austria, and 2 in France. It is calculated that if these proportions are maintained the population of Germany about the year 1950 will be more than a hundred millions, whereas that of France will be barely forty millions. It is the German danger that is so alarming to French patriots. It is understood that the British colonies will absorb the surplus population of England; but it is known that that of Germany is already overflowing the eastern frontiers.

Modern Rome. There is so much complaint of the injury done the beauty and picturesqueness of Rome by the Italian Government, that it is only fair an occasional recognition should be accorded to the innumerable improvements due to the abused powers stigmatised by Augustus Hare as the "Sardinian Occupation." In the beautiful picturesque days of Papal rule, a large section of the city was almost yearly submerged by the overflowing Tiber, causing much suffering among the poor, and a heavy loss of property from the flooding of warehouses and ground floors. It may be picturesque to guide a boat through the dark, narrow alley of the Golden Lily or the Sword of Orlando, and distribute bread to shivering folk whose poor belongings are swimming in cold water, which will leave fever in its track; but the sufferers prefer less picturesque marketing and a dry house. For twenty-six years the summer and autumn rains have not been so heavy and so persistent as in 1896, but though the Campagna damages have been serious, the injury to Rome itself is nihil, a fact owing to the *Tiber Embankment*, Garibaldi's pet dream realised by the "new government."

Nor are all the changes accomplished by the present administration ugly and utilitarian alone. Every year the Pincio gardens receive some fresh touch of beauty, and the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, a large square in a new quarter mainly occupied by the poor, has been made to blossom like the rose, the ancient ruin in the centre of the square being wreathed with vines and flowers, cooled by gushing springs and rivulets, which must be a joy to the little Romans who play about it through the long, hot summers.

Many other squares of the city have been gladdened with living green, and these, as well as the decorations for all municipal *fêtes*, are supplied by the Botanical Garden, which is one of the most charming and best regulated institutions of modern Rome. Opposite the *Thermæ* of Caracalla is one of those tall lichened

stone gateways characteristic of the Roman campagna. Here one formerly entered the monastic garden of the friars of St. Sixtus; now instead it gives free access to the city's nursery of plants, which, while retaining the peculiar charm of silvery old ilex avenues and straggling monthlies, has developed acres of rarer roses, "verdurous glooms" of feathery ferns, lanes of profuse chrysanthemums, and a wealth of tall rubber plants and palms. The poetic Roman flavour is supplied by Egeria's fountain in a neighbouring hollow, and vistas of violet Alban hills on the far horizon.

A Great  
Cardinal.

Probably the greatest loss which the Church of Rome in recent years has suffered was the death of Euglielmo Sanfelice, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples. He was only sixty-two when he died; he had never signalised himself by any great deeds of statesmanship; he never gave to the world any learned treatises on theology or canon law; but he loved the people and the people loved him. He did more than the whole College of Cardinals to reconcile the people of Southern Italy to the Church. He was a native of Naples, and everyone knew him and admired him as priest, man, and patriot. His palace doors were always open to the lowliest petitioners, and he was equally at home in giving comfort to a poor widow or in unravelling the threads of a complicated ecclesiastical quarrel. He was a modern man, and despite his high birth—he was a son of the Duke of Acquanella—and his aristocratic surroundings, took far more interest in the lives of the workmen and small shopkeepers than in the affairs of the Neapolitan princes and counts, his relatives. It was characteristic of the man when he went a short time before his death, and clad in all his *ornat*, to open a new draper's shop and to give the establishment his blessing. But perhaps the ordinary Neapolitan will remember him longest as the simple priest who left his Cardinal's robes at home and visited the cholera wards in the hospital during the terrible cholera epidemic in 1884. Despite the fact that he was neither an eminent statesman nor a profound scholar, there were those who thought he had the best chance of being elected Pope at the death of the present occupant of the Chair of St. Peter, for in the College of Cardinals he had not a single enemy.

Religious Art  
in Germany.

An exhibition of unusual interest to all who are not persuaded that the art of religious painting is dead, was recently held in Berlin. A challenge was made to German artists to prove the originality of their talent by painting a figure of Christ that should be stamped with the mark of deep religious feeling and respond to Christian ideas, but, at the same time, should have nothing of the "unhealthy languid and weary appearance" so often depicted in representations by old masters of the Saviour of men. Nine painters, several of whom are well known in Germany, had the courage to enter the lists, which shows that there, as in France, a struggle is going on among artists to free themselves entirely from traditional and academic influence in the treatment of sacred subjects. In France, for the last quarter of a cen-

tury, religious subjects have been dealt with by the realists with singular persistency, considering the small encouragement they have received from the public. Such efforts have so far cast no discredit upon the work of the old masters. Perhaps in not a few of those who have endeavoured to bring Christian ideals down to the level of modern realistic tendencies there has been wanting that "deep religious feeling," which was mentioned first among the conditions of the Berlin competition. The following were the names of the nine exhibitors: Ferdinand Brütt, Arthur Kampf, Karl Marr, Gabriel Max, Fritz von Uhde, Ernst Zimmermann, Franz Skarbina, Hans Thoma, and Franz Stück. It is curious to note that whereas about half the number of these competitors depict the Saviour as a typical Jew, with black hair and beard, the others tend to represent Him as a typical North German, both in the colour of the hair and the cast of features. Zimmermann's Christ has the head of a German philosopher; the same may almost be said of Skarbina's. It would be hard to find a stronger contrast of ideals than that presented by the paintings of these artists and the canvases of Brütt, Kampf, and Stück, who prefer Jewish features and black hair. Highly interesting as efforts of the imagination striving to give the true picture of the Divine face, it is extremely doubtful if any one of these works at the Berlin Exhibition will become popular, even in Germany, as a portrait of Christ. The veneration of Christendom appears to have become inalterably associated with a type which was repeated in art at least as early as the fourth century, and was in the main accepted as the ideal one by the early Italian painters, and by all the great masters of the Renaissance.

The recent report of the Swedish  
A Vanishing official in charge of the Government of  
People. Swedish Lapland makes it sufficiently

clear that the interesting Lapp race is rapidly disappearing off the face of the earth. The chief reason for this he attributes to the decrease in the herds of reindeer, in which consist their wealth and only means of livelihood, from which they obtain the chief part of their food and clothing. Both in Russian and in Swedish Lapland the reindeer are frequently seized when their owners are unable to pay the taxes levied upon them on their entry into a settled country. Another difficulty in the Lapp's way is the trouble of finding enough moss for his reindeer. He is therefore compelled to wander enormous distances in search of this indispensable food, and the hardships of the way are fatal to his children. In summer the nomadic Lapps go now as far north as the coasts of Norway, and in winter they return to Sweden and Russia. But their total number has sunk to 25,000, including those who have settled on the sea coast to lead the lives of fishers. Even the fishers, however, are rapidly disappearing, the inordinate use of spirits and tobacco doing its deadly work. From Sweden there is an energetic missionary work carried on among the Lapps, who have with rare exceptions embraced Christianity. At the present rate of decrease it is estimated that in fifty years the entire race will have disappeared.



## American Notes.

Phrase-  
making.

Every Presidential election in the United States leaves its impress on the everyday language of the American people. Phrase-makers come to the front during the electoral campaign. The election of 1896 was an unusually exciting one, but it left behind it fewer new phrases or turns of speech than many of the preceding campaigns. The newspapers, which took stock after the election, record only two new phrases. Both originated at the National Convention of the Republican party. One of them, and the most striking, was made by a coloured delegate from Texas. He used the phrase quite unconsciously, and went out from the Convention Hall to find himself famous. The incident occurred during the exciting preliminaries leading up to the adoption of the gold and sound money plank in the National Platform. One of the delegates asked the coloured delegate from Texas how he stood on the gold question, whether he would support a declaration for sound money in the party platform. The negro statesman's immortal reply was, "I am for sound money, if I am treated right." To make this phrase intelligible to English readers, it should be explained that the negro delegates are popularly looked upon in America as a purchasable quantity in the National Conventions. They are the soldiers of fortune in American politics, and to those of them who are fortunate enough to secure seats in the National Convention, the Convention is a time of great opportunity. The second phrase was coined just before the nomination of Mr. M'Kinley. Mr. M'Kinley's principal competitor was Mr. Reed, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. Manley, of Maine, had for months been attending to Mr. Reed's interests, and securing delegates pledged to support his nomination. When he got to Chicago he found that Mr. M'Kinley's nomination was assured, and very early in the Convention he gave up the hope of securing the nomination of Mr. Reed. The readiness with which he relinquished the contest offended one of Mr. Reed's New England supporters, Mr. Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, who, addressing Mr. Manley by his Christian name of Joe, told him and the Convention that "the Almighty hates a quitter." He intended this remark as a rebuke to Mr. Manley for showing the white feather too soon. An Englishman provoked by the same weakness on the part of a colleague in any undertaking would have besought him to "Play out the game." Neither of the phrase-makers was, up to this time, a man of national reputa-

tion; but Americans esteem men who show any kind of originality, and both of them are sure of places in all the new American encyclopædias and dictionaries of biography.

Mr. Cleve-  
land's Tenure.

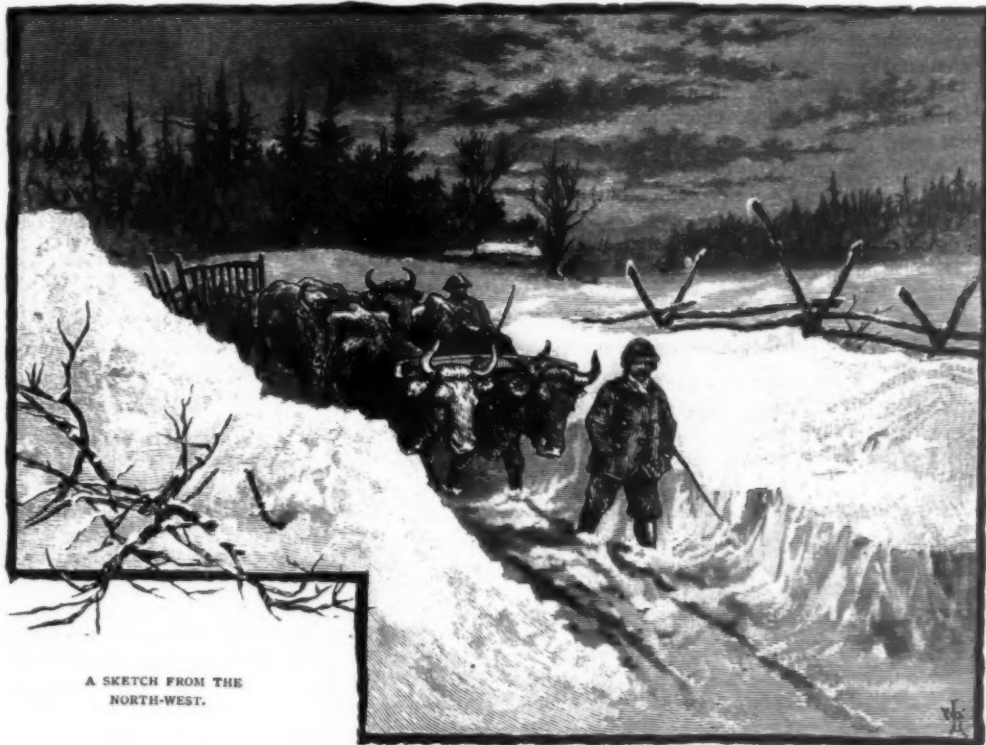
Mr. Cleveland's tenure of the office of President of the United States will be memorable in several respects in American history. With the exception of General Grant, he is the only President for forty years who had served out a second term. Lincoln was elected a second time, but had hardly entered upon his second term when he was assassinated at Washington. Mr. Cleveland was also the only President for nearly forty years who was of the Democratic party. During his second term he and his supporters in Congress sought to embody the principles of the Democratic party, as to taxation, in the fiscal system of the country. The Wilson Tariff Act of 1894, however, only partially embodied the Democratic idea of a customs tariff for revenue only, and before Mr. Cleveland left the White House, Congress was already busy undoing the tariff legislation of 1894, and putting the tariff back to its old form of a tariff conceived primarily with the idea of affording a high measure of protection to American industries. One change brought about by Mr. Cleveland promises to be more lasting. In his 1885 to 1889 term he began the reform of the Federal Civil Service. In his second term he carried the reform much farther, to such a point, in fact, that by far the overwhelming majority of the appointments to the Civil Service have been brought within Civil Service rules, and something akin to permanency of tenure given to the Federal Office holders. At the present time about eighty thousand places are filled under the new rules. Only eight hundred places are now in the gift of the incoming President. Under the reformed Civil Service rules an American Government employé has not the same security of tenure that an English civil servant enjoys, nor does he receive a pension when he is no longer fit for work. But, as the figures quoted show, it is no longer possible for an incoming President and his friends to sweep thousands of men and women out of office, solely in order to reward the political friends and supporters of the members of the new administration. This change in the Civil Service conditions of the United States will always stand to the credit of Mr. Cleveland. The movement for the new American navy was begun before Mr. Cleveland



took office. It went on with much vigour during his two terms, and it was while he was President that great plants were successfully established in the United States for the manufacture of gun castings and armour plate. Mr. Cleveland's two terms were also marked by the passage of Acts intended to restrict immigration into the United States. In his first term he signed a Contract Labour Law excluding workpeople arriving in America under contracts made abroad. One of the last bills to which he gave his signature in his second term was the measure excluding illiterates. The disappearance of the spirit of political antagonism between North and South left by the war and kept alive by the Republican party also characterised Mr. Cleveland's second term. During his second term also the National Library at Washington, the largest and most palatial library building in the world, was completed. The United States have now two ex-Presidents, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. Both of them are lawyers, and each of them, after having served his term at Washington, resumed his practice of the law.

The great North-West Territories of Canada are being settled by immigrants only at a slow rate. Official figures recently published at Ottawa show that during the nine months ending October 1896, the entries in the

number of entries was 1,950, and the additions to the population 5,689. The totals for 1896 were smaller than those for several years past. In 1892 there were 4,948 entries, with an addition of 14,972 to the population. Of the 1,399 persons who took out land grants in 1896, 403 were from other parts of Canada. From the Province of Ontario there were 235 persons to whom grants were issued; from the Province of Quebec, 25; from Nova Scotia, 9; New Brunswick, 4; and Prince Edward Island, 3. The rest of the Canadian settlers in the new territory were from Manitoba and British Columbia, and Canadians who were returning to the Dominion after a sojourn in the United States. The figures as regards Canadian settlers are significant. They show that the movement into the territory from the older provinces of the Dominion is now very slight. When the territories were first opened for settlement there was an inrush from the older provinces. From England in 1896 there went into the North-West Territories 208 persons, to whom land grants were issued. From Scotland there were 58, and from Ireland 26. France sent 53; Hungary, 65; Germany, 35; Belgium, 17; Denmark and Iceland, 15; Russia, 54; and Poland, 9. So far as the stream of immigration goes into the North-West Territories, these figures indicate the result of the work of the Department of Immigration on which the Dominion Government for a long time past



A SKETCH FROM THE  
NORTH-WEST.

Government offices from which free land grants are issued numbered 1,399. Many of these grants were to heads of families, and the grants represented an addition to the population by settler immigration of 4,170 people. In the immigrant season of 1895 the

has been expending about £40,000 a year. To quicken immigration into the North-West Territories, a new plan of allotting the lands has been suggested. Under the plan at present followed it frequently happens that settlers are long distances away from neighbours—

sometimes four or five miles away. This loneliness makes the lot of the new settler trying, and, at times, dreary in the extreme. To obviate these unsocial conditions, it is now suggested that the surveys should represent a cart-wheel, with the settlers and their homesteads at the hub, and their lands running back and widening as they go, until the Government free

land grant of 160 acres is reached. This would bring the settlers nearer together, and enable them to enjoy the advantages of close community. The suggested change originated with Sir William Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It has been laid before the Dominion Government, but so far it has not got beyond a suggestion.

## Varieties.

German and English v. Welsh. We are often told that the Welsh language is not pronounceable owing to the number of consonants in the words, but we are not so often told that the German language is subject to the same difficulty.

We presume this arises from an idea that there is not the same disproportion in that language.

A few illustrations will tend to remove this impression.

Many German words or names have as many as five or six consonants in succession—for instance, Delitzsch (a commentator), Gschwind (Hon. Sec. to a Welsh literary society), Goldschmidt (the late Jenny Lind), Wirthschaft (an inn), Dampfschiffahrts (steamers), Stahlschmidt, etc.

We challenge any reader to discover Welsh words with such a proportion of consonants as this. Very likely some one would pounce upon that celebrated name of a *small village* near Menai Bridge, viz. Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlltysiliogogoch. This name is, in fact, a series of names, but in parlance it is abbreviated to Llanfair-P.-G.

Let us put a few German names together and compare—Dampfschiffahrts - Wirthschaft - Goldschmidt. What is the result?—

In the Welsh, 21 vowels, 33 consonants.

In the German, 7 vowels, 39 consonants.

The following is the name of a German company: Deutsche Dampfschiffahrts Gesellschaft Kosmos. Many years ago "Punch" gave us what he considered the most formidable assortment of Welsh names he could find:

Machynlleth—Llanerchymedd—Llanfihangel-y-gwynt!

Now, what do we find in comparing these two sets of names?—

In the Welsh, 14 vowels, 28 consonants.

In the German, 11 vowels, 32 consonants.

In the Welsh the proportion is one-half vowels; in the German one-third.

It is possible that there are people who would be willing to allow this statement with regard to the German, but would be very much surprised to suppose that such a comparison could be made between the English language and the Welsh, but we are prepared to make a challenge even there!

Some time ago a music publisher was asked to send a song to a Welsh address, when he said, "Oh, this

is too much!"—it was the name "Brynhyfryd" that staggered him! He said, "Why, there isn't a single vowel in the whole word!" The Welshman answered, "There you make a mistake; there are three! Remember, the letter Y even in English is *sometimes* a vowel; in Welsh it is *always* so, and so is W."

Let us now take a few familiar passages in Scripture in both languages, when our statements will, we consider, be fully substantiated.

"Gwyn ei fyd a ystyria wrth y tlawd"—14 vowels, 13 consonants.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor"—12 vowels, 21 consonants.

"Gwyn eu byd y rhai pur o galon, canys hwy a welant Dduw."

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

In the Welsh, 21 vowels, 21 consonants.

In the English, 17 vowels, 25 consonants.

"Ac yn ddiddadl, Mawr yw dirgelwch dauwldeb."

"And without controversy 'Great is the mystery of godliness.'"

In the Welsh, 16 vowels, 20 consonants.

In the English, 18 vowels, 31 consonants.

"Bachgen a anwyd i ni, mab a roddwyd i ni."

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

In the Welsh, 15 vowels, 15 consonants.

In the English, 16 vowels, 22 consonants.

"Yr Arglwydd yw fy Mugail, ni bydd eisieu arnaf."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

In the Welsh, 19 vowels, 18 consonants.

In the English, 10 vowels, 22 consonants.

In each of the above cases it will be seen that the proportion of vowels to consonants in the Welsh is *greater* than the English.

In some cases the vowels and consonants are equal in Welsh; in others there are more *vowels* than *consonants*. Not once are they even *equal* in number in the English, but in each case there are *more* consonants than vowels.—W. DAVIES (Mynorydd).

Music at Manchester.

In France Paris is everything in art, and other great French towns and cities are nowhere. It is not so in England. All branches of industrial art have their centres throughout the kingdom, nor are the fine arts, music

included, flourishing only or even mainly in London. Singers and players are attracted to the capital by prospect of fame or of gain; but the love and practice of music will be found as much in the provinces, or in the various parts of the United Kingdom, as in the Metropolis. Edinburgh has long been renowned as a place where music is cherished, and its university had professors of music and endowed concerts before other cities of equal culture and learning. The choral meetings in Wales attract vast and appreciative audiences. Manchester was one of the latest great cities to become famous for its musical festivals, and this it owes to the influence chiefly of the late Sir C. Hallé, who went there in 1848 as a teacher. He has left a most interesting record of his experience and work. Orchestral music he found in a very backward state fifty years ago.

"Not long after my arrival in Manchester," he says, "I had occasion to hear one of the concerts of the oldest and most important musical society of the town. It was billed 'The Gentlemen's Concerts,' from the fact that it was originally founded in 1774, I believe, by amateurs, twenty-six in number, who constituted what may be called the orchestra, but who all and every one of them played the flute! In course of time other instruments were added, and in 1848 the modern orchestra had been completed for more than a score or two of years. The society was wealthy, would-be subscribers having generally to wait three years before room could be made for them. In consequence, every artist of renown who had visited England had been engaged, and the older programmes of the concerts are remarkably rich in celebrated names. At the concert which I attended, Grisi, Mario, and Lablache sang, but the orchestra! oh, the orchestra! I was fresh from the 'Concerts du Conservatoire,' from Hector Berlioz's orchestra, and I seriously thought of packing up and leaving Manchester, so that I might not have to endure a second of these wretched performances. But when I hinted at this, my friends gave me to understand that I was expected to change all this—to accomplish a revolution in fact—and begged me to have a little patience.

"At the end of the year 1849 the conductorship of the Gentlemen's Concerts was offered to me, and I accepted it on the condition that the band should be dismissed, and its reorganisation left entirely in my hands. This was the first step towards the position which Manchester now holds in the domain of orchestral music. I had then to be satisfied, however, with attracting to Manchester a certain number of first-rate instrumentalists, mostly from London, with displacing others, changing the position of the instruments, which had been absurd—the double basses, for instance, standing in front—and recruiting in the neighbourhood the best talent available. The result was a good one, much approved of by the subscribers, and from that time the cultivation of orchestral music in Manchester has been my chief delight, and now flourishes."—*Memoir of Sir C. Hallé, by his Son.*

Bishop Butler and Dr. Chalmers. We have had the name and works of Butler often called up lately. In 1883 Dr. Chalmers visited the Rectory of Kingston, Canterbury, when he was shown an annotated Greek Testament which had belonged to the author of the *Analogy*. The Rector's wife was a great grand-niece of Bishop Butler. She asked Dr. Chalmers to record in this Testament his opinion of Butler. Chalmers hesitated, saying he was unworthy of the honour of giving any written opinion. But being pressed, he wrote: "Butler is in theology what Bacon is in science. The reigning principle of the latter is that it is not for man to *theorise* on the works of God; and of the former that it is not for man to theorise on the ways of God. Both deferred alike to the certainty of experience as being paramount to all the possibilities of hypothesis, and he who attentively studies the writings of these great men will find a marvellous concurrence between a sound philosophy and a sound faith."

Astronomical Notes for March. The Sun will pass vertically over the equator about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, which therefore will be the day of vernal equinox; after it the days will be longer in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. He will rise at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 46m. in the morning, and set at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 15th he will rise at 6h. 16m. and set at 6h. 3m. The Moon will become New at 4m. before noon on the 3rd; enter her First Quarter at 3h. 28m. on the afternoon of the 11th; become Full at 9h. 28m. on the evening of the 18th; and enter her Last Quarter almost exactly at noon on the 25th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th, and in perigee, or nearest us, at noon on the 20th. An occultation of a portion of the Pleiades by the Moon will take place soon after sunset on the 9th. The planet Mercury will not be visible to the naked eye this month, unless, perhaps, for a very short time before sunrise at the beginning of it; at the end he is approaching superior conjunction with the sun. Venus will be at her greatest brilliancy as an evening star on the 23rd; she is passing in an easterly direction through the constellation Aries, being a few degrees due south of its star Beta on the 5th, and of Alpha on the 9th; and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th. Mars continues to diminish in brightness; he will be due south at 6 o'clock in the evening of the 22nd, and will set soon after midnight by the end of the month, being then in the western part of the constellation Gemini; his conjunction with the Moon will take place about midnight on the 11th. Jupiter is still a brilliant object during nearly the whole of the night, situated in the constellation Leo. Saturn is in Scorpio, rising now soon after midnight, and earlier as the month advances; he will be in conjunction with the waning Moon on the morning of the 23rd.

W. T. LYNN.

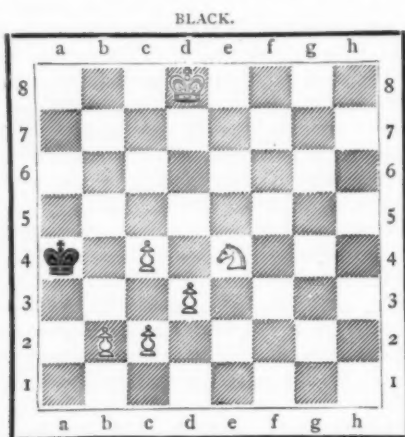




## The Fireside Club.

### CHess PROBLEM.

By H. F. L. MEYER.



WHITE.

6 + 1 = 7 pieces.

Mate in four moves.

### OUR SILENT FRIENDS.

SOME of us from preference, some from realisation of the temptations involved in indulgence, agree with Wordsworth when he declined "to season my fireside with personal talk"; we welcome the sociable silence of the domestic hearth, when, each provided with his or her own resources for occupation, none need sacrifice individual inclinations to entertain another.

It is then that our silent friends are ready, at a moment's notice, to give us their enchanting company. To teach, to advise, to cheer, to amuse, to transport us altogether from our world to theirs. Given, on the one hand, the long, unbroken evenings our climate

secures for us, and on the other the literature our country possesses, what prevents our fireside enjoyments being as great and as varied as Wordsworth describes his to have been?

Why should the question, so often heard, be spoken out of emptiness to emptiness, "Have you read anything nice lately?"

Chiefly because we take our cues for reading from weekly papers and journals, whose reviews necessarily deal with books hot from the press, and these only.

Their names are dinned in your ears at railway stations and dinner-tables alike, and you cannot tell how to sift out the one per cent. worth reading except by laborious sampling of many.

How grateful we are when some chance reference on the part of a reader of worthy books, or an allusion in the pages of a magazine essay, recalls to us the name of some forgotten good author, and sends us to hunt out a neglected volume, to find it as full of potent spell as of old. We sit up later than to-morrow's claims warrant to finish the last page, and close it with a sigh half of satisfaction, half of regret that there are no more giants in the land.

So conscious are all lovers of reading of what they lose from obliviousness (like misers who, from never using their hoards, forget that these exist, and are ready to perish for lack of fire and light), that numberless schemes are framed to remind us of our store.

The ideal guide to books remains to be realised for us by some specially qualified explorer, some inspired map-maker, who shall show at a glance what there is to read, and how not to forget what we have already felt worth reading. Till such a leader is found, here is a suggestion for the approval of the Fireside Club. Keep a visiting list of your Silent Friends.

Anyone familiar with the claims of a large acquaintance knows how invaluable is the aid of a well-kept visiting list. It recalls to your timely remembrance all the touchy people whom you would have forgotten, and so offended, as well as many of your



old, family, and otherwise inherited friends, people who do not visit much, are seldom seen, and whom you would be vexed with yourself for forgetting. Your visiting list for your silent friends will be as useful, and there is not a bore or a touchy person among them. You suffer, and you alone, when you neglect them.

Make your list, or rather begin to make it, before you are a week older. Spend a few pence on a pocket diary or note-book (the former, if arranged to show a week at an opening, will not only save some trouble in preparation, but will stimulate you by its method). Enter for every week of the year the name of some book you either wish to read or to read in. Note, by the way, the distinction intended here. Many books you read through every time, if you read them at all. Many more are books to *read in*. To open, almost at random, in a manner as casual as is talk between intimates. These are without doubt our dearest friends among books. It is these that we mark lovingly, and handle into an honourable shabbiness. We are fond of them, and yet it is as well that they too should be entered on our visiting list, lest by chance, being out of sight, they drop out of remembrance for a time.

Frame your list as you walk about your house pencil in hand, visiting the shelves in which your books congregate. Do not fill in the weeks consecutively, but enter one here, and the next there, turning the leaves to and fro, and aiming at a well-arranged variety in your programme. Let a volume (any volume) of Boswell's *Johnson* succeed Scott's *Marmion*, and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* be followed by one of Foster's *Essays*. Put down a great essayist's name once a month at least, Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, Stevenson, Macaulay, Froude—what a visiting list they make! Then add the names of your friends among the teachers, Spurgeon, Bunyan, George Herbert, Isaac Walton, Thomas à Kempis, Leighton, and many more on your bookshelves, once familiar enough, but now a trifle dusty; note their names, and resolve to renew acquaintance with them. Then the poets, fill in their delightful names in many of the weeks which remain. A week's reading in "*Paradise Lost*," another given to the less known odes of Milton, to Gray, to Matthew Arnold, to Tennyson, to Pope's *Essay on Man*—what mental recreation such visiting implies! The great novelists must not be forgotten—keep some of the now lessening spaces for their works, both your favourites and those that you have heard of and "always meant to read."

One thing remains. When your visiting list is full, and every week's page contains the name of some one book you wish to be thus reminded to read, all that remains to be done is, week by week, to carry out your scheme and *read that book*.—J. M. S. M.

#### PRIZE LIST OF BOOKS.

Make a year's visiting list of books, such as is described in the foregoing article. The list must contain the names of fifty-two books, or portions of books, in well-varied order, none inaccessible to the ordinary reader. To those competitors who send the two lists he thinks best, the Editor will offer a choice of book prizes.

#### AN EVENING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Give chapter and book in each case.*

(Answers are to be found in the following six works: "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Antiquary," "Guy Mannering," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "The Bride of Lammermoor.")

1. When, and for what purpose, was the following remark made, and to what did it refer? "I ken weel that ye like your brose het!"

2. Describe in brief quotations the following: Guse Gibbie; Jock Jabs; Dick Ostler; Davie Mailsetter; Elphin; Dumble.

3. Who was the "nymph of the sea" who thus defended the rights of women? "Slaves? gae wa' lass . . . Ca' the head o' the house slaves? little ye ken about it, lass. . . . Show me a word my Saunders daur speak, or a turn he daur do about the house, without it be just to tak' his meat, and his drink, and his diversion like ony o' the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' onything about the bigging his ain, frae the roof-tree down to a crackit trencher on the bink. He kens weel enough wha feeds him, and cleeds him, and keeps a' tight, thack and rape, when his coble is jowing awa' in the Firth, poor fallow." Translate the passage into English.

4. "Die, wretch! die! . . . Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived! Die like the beasts that perish, hoping nothing, believing nothing. . . ." "And fearing nothing!" said —, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken." Whose death is thus described?

5. Explain "jennyflecons"; "tale-pyot"; "petty couver"; "nick-sticks"; "are gaun a-guisarding."

6. What characters are described thus?

(a) "had all the advantages of a literary dumb waiter."

(b) "Ye're sair altered, hinny; your face is turned pale, and your een are sunken, and your bonnie red-and-white cheeks are turned a' dark and sunburnt. O, weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy."

(c) "She is not muckle differing from other grand leddies saving that she hath a stately presence, and een like a blue huntin' hawk's, whilk gang throu' and throu' me like a Hieland dirk."

7. What characters make the following quotations, from what sources, and for what purposes?

(a) "For he would rather have at his bed-head,  
A twenty books clothed in black or red,  
Of Aristotle or his philosophy,  
Than robes rich, rebeck or psaltery."

(b) "The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,  
For they come of a gentle kind."

8. Give, in quotations, Jonathan Oldbuck's opinion of womenkind; Cuddie Headrigg's opinion of himself; and Dominie Sampson's ideas of a liberal education.

9. Who said: "Science and history are my principal favourites; but I also study poetry and classics. . . ."

"I learned out-of-doors to ride a horse, and bridle and saddle him in case of necessity, and to clear a five-barred gate, and fire a gun without winking."

10. Show, in an essay of about 200 words, why "The Bride of Lammermoor" has been called one of the greatest tragedies in the English language.

*Two Book prizes, of the value of Half a Guinea each, will be awarded for the two best papers sent in.*

#### ACROSTIC-MAKING COMPETITION.

We invite our readers to make an acrostic (in either prose or rhyme) on the name of Queen "ELIZABETH." The initials must all be from names famous in connection with her reign. A book prize will be awarded for the best.

#### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

##### SECOND OF THREE.

1. "Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise."
2. "The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop."
3. "But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."
4. "Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit."
5. "In half an hour *she* promised to return.  
Perchance *she* cannot meet him: that's not so.  
O, *she* is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills."

##### WHOLE.

"I shall never begin if I hold my peace."

Find the names signified, and Act and Scene of each quotation. A register kept each month of names of solvers. Prizes awarded at the close of series, February, March, April.

ANSWERS TO THE GEORGE ELIOT QUESTIONS (p. 203).—The fullest and best worded answers are sent in by H. Coles (first prize) and Miss E. A. Harbinson (second prize).

An essay sent by Miss Phyllis D. Twentyman is worthy of special notice. The answers, in brief, are:

1. Raveloe. "Silas Marner," ch. iii.
2. Savonarola. "Romola," book 2, ch. xl.
3. Dinah Morris describes Adam Bede. "Adam Bede," book 1, ch. viii.
4. Shepperton Church. "Amos Barton," ch. i.
5. Miss Noble, Mr. Farebrother's maiden aunt. "Middlemarch," book 5, ch. lii.
6. Gwendolen Harleth, as Daniel Deronda first saw her at the gaming-table, Monte Carlo. "Daniel Deronda," book 1, ch. i.

7. Dr. Kenn, rector of St. Ogg's, friend to Maggie Tulliver. "Mill on the Floss," book 6, ch. ix.

8. Silas Marner mourning the loss of the gold of which he had been robbed. "Silas Marner," ch. x.

9. Mr. Craig, the gardener, to Bartle Massey, *à propos* of Scotch tunes. "Adam Bede," book 3, ch. xxiii.

(a) Dinah Morris to Mr. Irwine. "Adam Bede," book 1, ch. viii.

(b) Mr. Craig to Bartle Massey. "Adam Bede," book 3, chap. xxiii.

(c) Dolly Winthrop. "Silas Marner," ch. xiv.

(d) Mrs. Glegg to Mrs. Tulliver. "Mill on the Floss," book 1, ch. lxxvii.

(e) Mrs. Poyser. "Adam Bede," book 4, ch. xxxii.

(f) Tom Tulliver to his father. "Mill on the Floss," book 2, ch. i.

10. In Duffield, addressing a small crowd amongst which was Felix Holt, on the occasion of the nomination day for Parliamentary Election. "Felix Holt," ch. xxx.

11. Mr. Brooke dined with Sir Humphry Davy at Cartwright's, and met the poet Wordsworth. "Middlemarch," book 1, ch. ii.

12. Character of Tertius Lydgate. (Essay by H. Coles.)

THE HISTORICAL ACROSTIC has been answered in a number of most interesting papers. The prizes are awarded to Alex. H. Wilson and Miss I. M. Outram. Doris Webster, Montague Besant, and Edwin Pugh send in excellent papers.

We regret extremely that lack of space prevents our printing these prize paragraphs. The six names are: Napier, Eliot, Laurence, Sidney, Outram, Nicholson = Nelson.

The names for the Shakespearian Acrostic given in February are:

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Cæsar . . .   | "Julius Cæsar," Act Three, Scene One.        |
| Orlando . .   | "As you Like it," Act Two, Scene Three.      |
| Richard . .   | "King Richard III.," Act Five, Scene Three.  |
| Duncan . . .  | "Macbeth," Act One, Scene Seven.             |
| Edmund . . .  | "King Lear," Act Five, Scene Three.          |
| Laertes . . . | "Hamlet," Act Five, Scene One.               |
| Iras . . . .  | "Antony and Cleopatra," Act Five, Scene Two. |
| Antonio . .   | "Merchant of Venice," Act Three, Scene Two.  |

##### WHOLE.

Cordelia . . "King Lear," Act One, Scene One.

(The names of all successful solvers are registered every month, and awards made at the end of the quarter.)

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class in one year, but may be commended.

II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible.

III. Every competition sent in, whether for a prize or not, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 20th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Competition" written outside the envelope. Answers appear here, and the prize list will be found among the advertisements.

